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AARON M. POWELL, Editor.
WENDELL PHILLIPS, Special Editorial Contributor.
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HORATIO SEYMOUR AND "FRIENDS."

THE NEW YORK RIOT.

[FROM "WHAT ANSWER?" BY ANNA E. DICKINSON.]
"Will the future come? It seems that we may almost ask this question, when we see such terrible shadows."—VICTOR HUGO.

Hence it will be necessary to consider some facts which, while they are rather in the domain of the grave recorder of historical events, than in that of the narrator of personal experiences, are yet essential to the comprehension of the scenes in which Surrey and Francesca took such tragic parts.

Following the proclamation for a draft in the city of New York, there had been heard on all sides from the newspaper press which sympathized with and aided the rebellion, premonitions of the coming storm; denunciations of the war, the government the soldiers, of the harmless and inoffensive negroes; angry incitements of the poor man to hatred against the rich, since the rich man could save himself from the necessity of serving in the ranks by the payment of three hundred dollars of commutation money; incendiary appeals to the worst passions of the most ignorant portion of the community; and open calls to insurrection and arms to resist the peaceable enforcement of a law enacted in furtherance of the defence of the nation's life.

Doubtless this outbreak had been intended at the time of the darkest and most disastrous days of the Republic; when the often-defeated and sorely dispirited Army of the Potomac was marching northward to cover Washington and Baltimore, and the victorious legions of traitors under Lee were swelling across the border into a loyal State: when Grant stood in seemingly hopeless waiting before Vicksburg, and Banks before Port Hudson; and the whole people of the North, depressed and disheartened by the continued series of defeats to our arms, were beginning to look each at his neighbor, and whisper with white lips, "Perhaps, after all, this struggle is to be in vain."

Had it been attempted at this precise time, it would, without question, have been, not a riot, but an insurrection—would have been a portion of the army of rebellion, organized and effective for the prosecution of the war, and not a mob, hideous and devilish in its work of destruction, yet still a mob; and as such to be beaten down and dispersed in a comparatively short space of time.

On the morning of Monday, the thirteenth of July began this outbreak, unparalleled in atrocities by anything in American history, and equalled only by the horrors of the worst days of the French Revolution. Gangs of men and boys, composed of railroad employes, workers in machine-shops, and a vast crowd of those who lived by preying upon others, thieves, pimps, professional ruffians—the scum of the city—jail-birds, or those who were running with swift feet to enter the prison doors, began to gather on the corners, and in streets and alleys where they lived; from thence issuing forth they visited the great establishments on the line of their advance, commanding their instant close, and the companionship of the workmen—many of them peaceful and orderly men—on pain of the destruction of one and a murderous assault upon the other, did not their orders meet with instant compliance.

A body of these, five or six hundred strong, gathered about one of the enrolling-offices in the upper part of the city, where the draft was quickly proceeding, and opened the assault upon it by a shower of clubs, bricks, and paving-stones torn from the streets, following it up by a furious rush into the office. Lists, records, books, the drafting-wheel, every article of furniture or work in the room was rent in pieces, and strewn about the floor or flung into the street; while the law officers, the newspaper reporters—who are expected to be everywhere—and the few peaceable spectators, were compelled to make a hasty retreat through an opportune rear exit, accelerated by the curses and blows of the assailants.

A safe in the room, which contained some of the hated records, was fallen upon by the men, who strove to wrench open its impregnable lock with their naked hands, and, baffled, beat them on its iron doors and sides till they were stained with blood, in a mad frenzy of senseless hate and fury.

And then, finding every portable article destroyed—their thirst for ruin growing by the little drink it had had—and believing, or rather hoping, that the officers had taken refuge in the upper rooms, set fire to the house, and stood watching the slow and steady flames, filling the air with demoniac shrieks and yells, while they waited for the prey to escape from some door or window, from the merciless fire to their merciless hands. One of these, who was on the other side of the street, courageously stepped forward, and, telling them that they had utterly demolished all they came to seek, informed them that helpless women and little children were in the house, and besought them to extinguish the flames and leave the ruined premises; to disperse, or at least to seek some other scene.

By his dress recognizing in him a government official, so far from heeding his humane appeal, they set upon him with sticks, clubs, and beat him till his eyes were blind with blood, and he—bruised and mangled—succeeded in escaping to the hands of police who stood helpless before this howling crew, now increased to thousands. With difficulty and pain the inoffensive tenants escaped from the rapidly spreading fire which, having devoured the house originally lighted, swept across the neighboring buildings till the whole block stood a mass of burning flames. The firemen came up tardily and reluctantly, many of them of the same class as the miscreants who surrounded them, and who cheered at their approach, but either made no attempt to perform their duty, or so feeble and farcical a one, as to bring disgrace upon a service they so generally honor and enoble.

At last, when there was here nothing more to accomplish, the mob, swollen to a frightful size, including myriads of wretched, drunken women, and the half-grown, vagabond boys of the pave-

ments, rushed through the intervening streets, stopping cars and insulting peaceable citizens on their way, to an armory where were manufactured and stored carbines and guns for the government. In anticipation of the attack, this, earlier in the day, had been fortified by a police squad capable of coping with an ordinary crowd of ruffians, but as chaff before fire in the presence of these murderous thousands. Here, as before, the attack was begun by a rain of missiles gathered from the streets; less fatal, doubtless, than more civilized arms, but frightful in the ghastly wounds and injuries they inflicted. Of this no notice was taken by those who were stationed within; it was repeated. At last, finding they were treated with contemptuous silence, and that no sign of surrender was offered, the crowd swayed back—then forward—in a combined attempt to force the wide entrance-doors. Heavy hammers and sledges, which had been brought from forges and workshops, caught up hastily as they gathered the mechanics into their ranks, were used with frightful violence to beat them in—at last successfully. The foremost assailants began to climb the stairs, but were checked, and for the moment driven back by the fire of the officers, who at last had been commanded to resort to their revolvers. A half-score fell wounded; and one who had been acting in some sort as their leader—a big, brutal, Irish ruffian—dropped dead.

The pause was but for an instant. As the smoke cleared away there was a general and ferocious onslaught upon the armory; curses, oaths, revilings, hideous and obscene blasphemy, with terrible yells and cries, filled the air in every accent of the English tongue save that spoken by a native American. Such were their mingled with the sea of sound, but they were so few and weak as to be unnoticeable in the roar of voices. The paving stones flew like hail, until the street was torn into gaps and ruts, and every window-pane, and sash, and doorway, was smashed or broken. Meanwhile, divers attempts were made to fire the building, but failed through haste or ineffectual materials, or the vigilant watchfulness of the besieged. In the midst of this gallant defence, word was brought to the defenders from head-quarters that nothing could be done for their support; and that, if they would save their lives, they must make a quick and orderly retreat. Fortunately, there was a side passage with which the mob was unacquainted, and, one by one, they succeeded in gaining this, and vanishing. A few, too faithful or too plucky to retreat before such a foe, persisted in remaining at their posts till the fire, which had at last been communicated to the building, crept unpleasantly near; then, by dropping from sill to sill of the broken windows, or sliding by their hands and feet down the rough pipes and stones, reached the pavement—but not without injuries, and blows, and broken bones, which disabled for a lifetime, if indeed they did not die in the hospitals to which a few of the more mercifully disposed carried them.

The work thus begun continued—gathering in force and fury as the day wore on. Police-Stations, enrolling-offices, rooms or buildings used in any way by government authority, or obnoxious as representing the dignity of law, were gutted, destroyed, left to the mercy of the flames. Newspaper offices, whose issues had been a fire in the rear of the Nation's armies by extenuating and defending treason, and through violent and incendiary appeals stirring up "Jewed fellows of the baser sort" to the carnal of ruin and blood, were cheered as the crowd went by. Those that had been faithful to loyalty and law were hooted, stoned, and even stormed by the army of miscreants who were only driven off by the gallant and determined charge of the police, and in one place by the equally gallant, and certainly unique defence, which came from turning the boiling water from the engines upon the howling wretches, who, unprepared for such a warm reception as this, beat a precipitate and general retreat. Before night fell it was no longer one vast crowd collected in a single section, but great numbers of gatherings, scattered over the whole length and breadth of the city—some of them engaged in actual work of demolition and ruin; others with clubs and weapons in their hands, prowling round apparently with no definite atrocity to perpetrate, but ready for any iniquity that might offer—and, by way of pastime, chasing every stray police officer, or solitary soldier, or inoffensive negro, who crossed the line of their vision; these three objects—the badge of a defender of the law—the uniform of the Union army—the skin of a helpless and outraged race—acted upon these madmen as water acts upon a rabid dog.

Late in the afternoon a crowd which could have numbered not less than ten thousand, the majority of whom were ragged, frowzy, drunken women, gathered about the Orphan Asylum for Colored Children—a large and beautiful building, and one of the most admirable and noble charities of the city. When it became evident, from the menacing cries and groans of the multitude, that danger, if not destruction, was meditated to the harmless and inoffensive inmates, a flag of truce appeared, and an appeal was made in their behalf, by the principal, to every sentiment of humanity which these beings might possess—a vain appeal! Whatever human feeling had ever, if ever, filled these souls was utterly drowned and washed away in the tide of rapine and blood in which they had been steeping themselves. The few officers who stood guard over the doors, and manfully faced these demoniac legions, were beaten down and flung to one side, helpless and stunned, whilst the vast crowd rushed in. All the articles upon which they could seize—beds, bedding, carpets, furniture—the very garments of the fleeing inmates, some of these torn from their persons as they sped by—were carried into the streets, and hurried off by the women and children who stood ready to receive the goods which their husbands, sons, and fathers flung to their care. The little ones, many of them, assailed and beaten; all—orphans and care-takers—exposed to every indignity and every danger, driven on to the street—the building was fired. This had been attempted whilst the helpless children—some of them scarce more than babies—were still in their rooms; but this devilish consummation was prevented by the heroism of one man. He, the Chief of the Fire Department, strove by voice and arm to stay the endeavor; and when, overcome by superior numbers, the brands had been lit and piled, with naked hands, and in face of threatened death, he tore asunder the flaming embers, and trod them under foot. Again the effort was made, and again failed through the determined and heroic opposition of this solitary soul. Then, on the front steps, in the midst of these drunken and infuriated thousands, he stood up and besought them, if they cared nothing for themselves nor for these hapless orphans, that they would not bring lasting disgrace upon the city by destroying one of its noblest charities, which had for its object nothing but good.

He was answered on all sides by yells and execrations, and frenzied shrieks of "Down with the niggers!" coupled with every oath and every curse that malignant hate of the blacks could devise, and drunken, Irish tongues could speak. It had been decreed that this building was to be razed to the ground. The house was fired in a thousand places, and in less than two hours the walls crashed in—a mass of smoking, blackened ruins; whilst the children wandered through the streets, a prey to beings who were wild beasts in everything save the superior ingenuity of man to agonize and torture their victims.

Frightful as the day had been, the night was yet more hideous since to the horrors which were seen was added the greater horror of deeds which might be committed in the darkness; or, if they were seen, it was by the lurid glare of burning buildings—the red flames of which—flung upon the stained and brutal faces, the torn and tattered garments, of men and women who danced and howled around the scene of ruin they had caused—made the whole aspect of affairs seem more like a gathering of fiends rejoicing in Pandemonium than aught with which creatures of flesh and blood had to do.

Standing on some elevated point, looking over the great city, which presented, as usual, at night, a solemn and impressive show, the spectator was thrilled with a fearful admiration by the sights and sounds which gave to it a mysterious and awful interest. A thousand fires streamed up against the sky, making darkness visible; and from all sides came a combination of noises such as might be heard from an asylum in which were gathered the madmen of the world.

The next morning's sun rose on a city which was ruled by a reign of terror. Had the police possessed the heads of Hydra and the arms of Briareus, and had these heads all seen, these arms all fought, they would have been powerless against the multitude of opposers. Outbreaks were made, crowds gathered, houses burned, streets barricaded, fights enacted, in a score of places at once. Where the officers appeared they were irretrievably beaten and overcome; their stand, were it ever so short, but inflaming the passions of the mob to fresh deeds of violence. Stores were closed; the business portion of the city deserted; the large works and factories emptied of men, who were sent home by their employers, or were swept into the ranks of the marauding bands. The city cars, omnibuses, hacks, were unable to run, and remained under shelter. Every telegraph wire was cut, the posts torn up, the operators driven from their offices. The mayor, seeing that civil power was helpless to stem this tide, desired to call the military to his aid, and place the city under martial law, but was opposed by the Governor, a Governor, who, but a few days before, had pronounced the war a failure; and not only predicted, but encouraged this mob rule, which was now crushing everything beneath its heavy and ensanguined feet. This man, through almost two days of these awful scenes, remained at a quiet sea-side retreat but a few miles from the city. Coming to it on the afternoon of the second day—instead of ordering cannon planted in the streets, giving these creatures opportunity to retire to their homes, and, in the event of refusal, blowing them there by powder and ball—he first went to the point where was collected the greatest mob, and proceeded to address them. Before him stood incendiaries, thieves, and murderers, who even then were sacking dwelling-houses, and butchering powerless and inoffensive beings. These wretches he apostrophized as "My friends," repeating the title again and again in the course of his harangue, assuring them that he was there as a proof of his friendship—which he had demonstrated by "sending his adjutant-general to Washington, to have the draft stopped;" begging them to "wait for his return;" "to separate now as good citizens;" with the promise that they "might assemble again whenever they wished to do so;" meanwhile, he would "take care of their rights." This model speech was incessantly interrupted by tremendous cheering and frantic demonstrations of delight—one great fellow almost crushing the Governor in his enthusiastic embrace. This ended, he entered a carriage, and was driven through the blackened, smoking scenes of Monday's devastations; through fresh vistas of outrage, of the day's execution; bland, gracious, smiling. Wherever he appeared, cheer upon cheer rent the air from these crowds of drunken blasphemers; and in one place the carriage in which he sat was actually lifted from the ground, and carried some rods, by hands yet red with deeds of arson and murder; while from all sides voices cried out, "Will ye stop the draft, Gov'nur?" "Bully boy!" "Ye're the man for us!" "Hooray for Gov'nur Seymour!" Thus through the midst of this admiring and applauding crowd, this high officer of the law, sworn to maintain public peace, moved to his hotel, where he was met by a despatch from Washington, informing him that five regiments were under arms and on their way to put an end to this bloody assistance to the Southern war.

His allies in newspaper offices attempted to throw the blame upon the loyal press and portion of the community. This was but a repetition of the cry, raised by traitors in arms, that the government, struggling for life in their deadly hold, was responsible for the war: "If thou wouldst but consent to be murdered peaceably, there could be no strife."

These editors outraged common sense, truth, and decency, by speaking of the riots as an "uprising of the people to defend their liberties"—"an opposition on the part of the workmen to an unjust and oppressive law, enacted in favor of the men of wealth and standing." "As though the people of the metropolis were incendiaries, robbers, and assassins; as though the poor were to demonstrate their indignation against the rich by hunting and stoning defenceless women and children; torturing and murdering men whose only offence was the color God gave them, or men wearing the self-same uniform as that which they declared was to be thrust upon them at the behest of the rich and the great.

It was absurd and futile to characterize this new Reign of Terror as anything but an effort on the part of Northern rebels to help Southern ones, at the most critical moment of the war—with the State militia and available troops absent in the neighboring Commonwealth—and the loyal people unprepared. These editors and their coadjutors, men of brains and ability, were of the most poisonous growth—traitors to the government and the flag of their country—renegade Americans. Let it, however, be written plainly and graven deeply, that the tribes of savages—the hordes of ruffians—found ready to do their loathsome bidding, were not of native growth, nor American born.

While it is true that there were some glib-tongued fellows who spoke the language without foreign accent, all of them were of the lowest order of Democratic ward-politicians, or creatures skulking from the outstretched arm of avenging law; while the most degraded of the German population were represented; while it is also true

that there were Irish, and Catholic Irish too—industrious, sober, intelligent people—who indignantly refused participation in these outrages, and mourned over the barbarities which were disgracing their national name; it is pre-eminently true—proven by thousands of witnesses, and testified to by numberless tongues—that the masses, the rank and file, the almost entire body of rioters, were the worst classes of Irish emigrants, infuriated by artful appeals, and maddened by the atrocious whiskey of thousands of grog-shops.

By far the most infamous part of these cruelties was that which wreaked every species of torture and lingering death upon the colored people of the city—men, women, and children, old and young, strong and feeble alike. Hundreds of these fell victims to the prejudice fostered by public opinion, incorporated in our statute-books, sanctioned by our laws, which here and there found legitimate outbreaks and action. The horrors which blanched the face of Christendom were but the bloody harvest of fields sown by society, by cultured men and women, by speech, and book, and press, by professions and politics, nay, by the pulpit itself, and the men who there make God's truth a lie—garbling or denying the inspired declaration that "He has made of one blood all people to dwell upon the face of the earth;" and that he, the All-Just and Merciful One, "is no respecter of persons."

This riot, begun ostensibly to oppose the enforcement of a single law, developed itself into a burning and pillaging assault upon the homes and property of peaceful citizens. To realize this, it was only necessary to walk the streets, if that were possible, through those days of riot and conflagration, observe the materials gathered into the vast, moving multitudes, and scrutinize the faces of those of whom they were composed—deformed, idiotic, drunken, imbecile, poverty-stricken; seamed with every line which wretchedness could draw, or vicious habits and associations delve. To walk those streets and look upon those faces was like a fearful witnessing in perspective of the last day, when the secrets of life, more loathsome than those of death, shall be laid bare in all their hideous deformity and ghastly shame.

The knowledge of these people and their deeds were sufficient to create a paralysis of fear, even where they were not seen. Indeed, there was terror everywhere. High and low, rich and poor, cultured and ignorant, all shivered in its awful grasp. Upon stately avenues and noisome alleys it fell with the like blackness of darkness. Women cried aloud to God with the same agonized entreaty from knees bent on velvet carpets or bare and dingy floors. Men wandered up and down, prisoners in their own homes, and cursed or prayed with equal fury or intensity whether the homes were simple or splendid. Here one surveyed all his costly store of rare and exquisite surroundings, and shook his head as he gazed, ominous and foreboding. There, another of darker hue peered out from garret casement, or cellar light, or broken window-pane, and, shuddering, watched some woman stoned and beaten till she died, some child shot over it till the hand stones were red with its blood, and the little prostrate form, yet warm, lost every likeness of humanity, and lay there, a sickening mass of mangled flesh and bones; some man assaulted, clubbed, overborne, left wounded or dying or dead, as he fell, or tied to some convenient tree or lamp-post to be hacked and hewn, or flayed and roasted, yet living, where he hung—and watching this, and covering as he watched, held his breath, and waited his own turn, not knowing when it might come.

THE SOUTH.

THE NEW REBELLION.

EVIDENCE IN THE CAMILLA MASSACRE.

ALBANY, (Baker County), Ga., Sept. 20th.—I send you the evidence of Capt. John Murphy, Republican candidate for Presidential Elector, wounded in the Camilla affair. Also, so much of the evidence of others as affords any new circumstances. The portions of the evidence submitted are nearly corroborative of Capt. Murphy's. The examination of these witnesses was held on the 19th inst., before Major Howard, commanding this sub-district. Capt. Mills, U. S. A., has arrived here, for the purpose of making further investigations, and will make a full and complete report in a few days.

Deposition of John Murphy.—On the morning of the 19th inst. I and Wm. P. Pierce started in a buggy from Albany, Ga., to Camilla, Ga., at which place we were to address the citizens, according to notice which had been printed and circulated through Mitchell County five or six days before. A band of music destined for the same place and occasion left Albany on the evening of the 18th; we overtook this band of music about four miles from Camilla, together with quite a number of free people, who had been attracted to the road by the music, and were then en route for the place of speaking; this number continued to augment until we reached Camilla, numbering then at all (men, women, and children) about 200. At about 11-12 miles from Camilla we were met by the Sheriff of Mitchell County, Mr. Poor, and several men who represented themselves as a delegation sent out to meet us by the citizens of Camilla, to protest against us entering the town of Camilla unless the freedmen who were following the music along the road would stack their arms. From one-third to one-half these freedmen had shot-guns. This protest was made under the Governor's proclamation forbidding armed organizations. I tried to convince them that this was not an armed organization; that each man who had a gun was carrying it as he had a right to do under the Constitution of the State. Capt. Pierce and myself told them positively that no order had been given these freedmen to carry their guns to Camilla, and they knew it was a custom over the whole country with freedmen to carry their guns wherever they went. These gentlemen manifested great uneasiness about the safety of Camilla if these freedmen were suffered to enter that town with arms. Capt. Pierce and myself gave them assurances of our peaceful intentions, that the rights of the people of Camilla in person and property were in no danger of being molested by the colored people, and I proposed of how we speaking at Dr. Dasher's about half a mile from Camilla, on the road we were travelling. This proposition was agreed to by these gentlemen, one of them saying, "Well, we will let you speak there;" they then left us riding toward Camilla; Capt. Pierce remarked at the time, that if Dr. Dasher objected to our speaking on his premises we would speak at the Court-House; when we reached Dr. Dasher's, we applied for permission to speak on his premises, and he ob-

jected. I then addressed a note to the Sheriff, stating that Dr. Dasher had refused to let us speak on his premises—that we would not intrude on his right, and would speak at the Court-House; this note I sent by a colored man on horseback, but, before he had gone far he met the Sheriff returning to us; a conversation ensued between Capt. Pierce and the Sheriff which I did not hear; we then proceeded to Camilla, peacefully following after the music, little dreaming that an armed organization was awaiting our arrival for the purpose of murdering us; Capt. Pierce and Mr. Putney entered the town about 200 yards in advance of the crowd, for the purpose of allaying the fears of the citizens, which, from the representations of their delegates we thought were aroused by false representation of our motives and purposes.

Mr. Putney told the freedmen to scatter along the road and not enter the town in a body, for fear of alarming the people of the place; thus we entered town in the most perfect quiet. Upon entering I discovered two different crowds of men armed with guns arranged in such positions as to cross fire over the public square. I then realized the fact that the vague reports among the freedmen that the white men intended to attack us in Camilla were not unfounded. Such reports having been found false so often before, neither Capt. Pierce nor myself believed this one; unfortunately it proved too true. We went to Camilla, followed by a promiscuous crowd of men, women, and children. Some of the men, as they usually do, carried their guns with them; but facts afterward revealed proved that these guns were loaded all together with small shot, and when once discharged the freedmen had no more ammunition. It is true Capt. Pierce, and Mr. Putney, and myself went there well armed; so we have gone to all other places of public speaking since the present political campaign commenced. Our own experience has taught us to provide against individual attack and insult from certain persons who are found in most every county in South-West Georgia. Capt. Pierce and Mr. Putney had alighted from the buggy, and were standing in the portico of the Court-House, the band-wagon was about fifty yards from the Court-House, when a man rushed from near the armed body of men, at a store near by, toward the wagon, and ordered the music to stop; his order not being obeyed, he fired a double-barreled shot-gun. The position of this man was such, being on the other side of the wagon from me, that I cannot swear positively that I saw him point the gun toward the band-wagon. The fire was followed by a volley from the crowd at the store. I was in the midst of the freedmen, and I am confident that not a single shot was fired by them until after the man alluded to had fired, and until the volley had been fired by the crowd. It is true that the volley from the crowd at the store and the volley from the negroes were close together; that from the former was a little in advance, and about the same time the fire was opened from a crowd of white men on the south side of the square. I estimated the crowd of white men on the west side of the square at fifty men, and I could not see enough of the crowd on the south side to make a correct estimate of the number. Of course, under this galling and unexpected fire, the negroes fled. The fire from the crowd on the south side of the square was mainly directed at Capt. Pierce and Mr. Putney, who were standing on the portico of the Court-House, as I have been informed. Capt. Pierce, Mr. Putney, and myself attempted to rally those of the freedmen who had guns in the bottom behind some undergrowth on the north side of the town, not for the purpose of engaging in the fight, but for the purpose of retreating compactly and holding the mob back from murdering the men, women, and children who were unarmed, scattering, and fleeing; but in this we were unsuccessful. After the first fire, all the freedmen, except not more than six or eight, were unarmed; having no ammunition, delay was found to be impossible, and each man took care of himself. Capt. Pierce, Mr. Putney and quite a number of freedmen escaped by way of the Thomasville Road through the woods on foot, walking about thirty miles that night and reaching the residence of Mr. Wm. W. Fish about daylight next morning. Mr. Joyner and myself escaped in a buggy by the road we came. Amid the conflicting reports it is impossible to make a correct estimate of the killed and wounded. I feel confident, however, that fifteen or twenty persons were killed, and about forty wounded. I know of but two freedmen killed in the town, where all the resistance on the part of the freedmen was made. All the others were followed up, and shot down as they fled across the fields and woods. Peter Hines, the leader of the band, was wounded, and all the members of the band were killed or wounded. Mr. Putney was wounded in the arm. I was wounded in the head. One expression made by the Sheriff was: "We received a dispatch from Albany this morning that you were coming to Camilla with an armed force for no good purpose," which induced me to believe the people of Camilla were laboring under a false representation of our motives and objects. They should have waited, however, before they attempted to kill us, for some hostile demonstration, especially after we gave them notice of our peaceful intentions, and especially do I blame them, let their information have been what it might, for following up the colored people and shooting them.

TESTIMONY OF WM. P. PIERCE.—This witness corroborates the testimony of Capt. Murphy, up to the time of his arrival at Camilla, and proceeds thus: Deponent and Mr. F. F. Putney were in a buggy in advance, about two hundred yards of the music; we drove to the court-house and dismounted; when the music was about 50 or 75 yards of the court-house deponent saw a white man advance towards the band-wagon, apparently much excited and angry; quite a crowd of white men, near a store on the west side of the square, and another crowd on the south side, appeared in the same mood; amid the confusion of the scene a gun was fired; just then deponent was watching the crowd on the south side of the square nearest himself, and did not notice which way the gun was pointed. He has every reason to believe, however, that the gun was in the hands of the man alluded to, who advanced toward the wagon, and that it was discharged at the band of music. Scarcely had the sound of the gun ceased before the shooting became general with the crowd on the west side of the square, and the freedmen. Deponent's position was such that he could not see who next fired, after the shot from the man alluded to. Scarcely had the first volley—discharged into the freedmen—died away before the freedmen were in full flight. The next volley from the whites was directed at deponent and Mr. Putney, who were standing in the portico of the Court-House. Provisionally, however, neither was seriously injured. Deponent followed after the freedmen, and with Mr. Murphy and Mr. Putney,

attempted to rally them in order to hold back the mob, and thereby save the lives of the unarmed and fleeing freedmen, but this could not be done. The freedmen were not prepared for the emergency, and were more disposed to trust to their heels than to their empty guns. Deponent cannot say how many were killed and wounded, since most of the killed were killed after they were scattered and fleeing through the wood. Deponent did not apprehend a general resistance of the people of Camilla to his speaking; he thought possibly he might meet with personal insult from a few rowdies, as has been the case at other places, and went there prepared for self-defence. Had he believed his right to speak at Camilla would have been resisted, he would have returned to Albany without entering the town, submitting to accusations of cowardice and lack of manhood rather than have innocent men, women and children butchered. About one-half of the men were unarmed, and the guns they had were principally loaded with bird-shot.

Washington Jones, after corroborating the points of testimony already adduced, swore that about three weeks ago Robert Warren (white) said to Sam Dickerson (colored): "You know Sam, if Murphy comes to this county to make a speech, and we tell him to stop, we will have to shoot him down if he does not do it. This is our country, and we intend to protect it or die."

Howard Bunt said substantially the same thing as the others, but gave the additional information that the man who first accosted the party, when approaching the town, again met them at the Court-House in Camilla, and after ordering the music to be stopped, said that if they did not comply with the order he would fire into them—"He had a double-barreled gun, and one of the triggers was at full cock." But also swore that he had heard of no orders to the freedmen to bring arms, nor to be prepared for any emergency.

Lewis Smith (colored) swore that at the election in Camilla in April last, the colored men were fired into by the people of the town; although in obedience to Gen. Meade's instructions, they (the colored people) had no arms. This occurred, too, while there were soldiers in the town. They defied the troops then, and consequently the colored people were afraid to go into town since, without being in some way prepared to defend themselves. This witness also swears that when James Johns found the Republicans determined to have their "say," he said: "Come on, then, by God we'll meet you!"

William Outlaw, (colored), swore that he was looking directly at the man who fired the first shot at the band-wagon, and that he saw him deliberately aim at the musicians and fire.

F. F. Putney corroborates the testimony of Outlaw in regard to the direct and deliberate aim at the musicians.

John Byrd, (colored) testified that he, after assisting to bury some of the colored men who had been killed in the course of the fight, came home to Mr. Cutliffe's plantation, and soon some fifteen white men on horseback dashed up to the plantation, and when Mr. Cutliffe asked what they wanted they said they were "hunting for a d-d nigger named Chester Hooper, to kill him."

N. Y. Tribune.

THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS.

A REPUBLICAN PROCESSION ATTACKED BY REBELS—A COLORED MAN SHOT DEAD AND SEVERAL OTHERS WOUNDED.

The Rebel report of the riot in New Orleans on the 23d, turns out to be entirely false. The *New Orleans Republican* of the 23d, has the following account of the affair:

Last evening about 10 o'clock a Republican procession from the banner presentation to the War-mouth Guards marched up Chartres street, to Canal, and as the head of the procession was marching down Rampart street, the rear was attacked at the corner of Canal and Bourbon streets. The several Republican organizations were proceeding in this order: Pinchback Zouaves, Grant Invincibles, Fourth Ward Wide Awakes, Grant Rangers, Sheridan Guards, Colfax Defenders, two companies G. A. R., Grant and Colfax Zouaves, War-mouth Guards. There was no disturbance whatever until the War-mouth Guards approached Dumontell's confectionery establishment, corner of Canal and Bourbon streets, when the procession was insulted, and a man on the banquet shouted for Seymour and Blair. He was so defiant and insulting in his manner, that two or three members of the War-mouth Guards left the ranks to assist a policeman in arresting him. He took refuge in Dumontell's premises. Another report reaches us that a member of the procession went into Dumontell's and asked in a respectful manner for a glass of water, but was refused, and told that he was a "d—d Black Republican," he had better go to his friends for the water. This latter report needs confirmation. The other information comes from a member of the police force, who endeavored to arrest the Seymour and Blair shouters. At this point there were two men and two ladies on Dumontell's gallery, from which an ex-Federal officer saw four shots fired at a man on horseback. This was the commencement of actual hostilities. The man who was fired at was undoubtedly Mr. Voltaire Comanegue, a Republican, who was mounted on a mule, and riding between the Grant and Colfax Zouaves and the War-mouth Guards, and whose dead body was subsequently found on Canal street near Burynsky. Capt. Wm. H. Green's Grant and Colfax Zouaves were then filing Rampart street from Canal, and when he heard the shots fired on the rear of the procession, Capt. Green instructed his drummer to beat the long roll, with the intention of proceeding to the assistance of the War-mouth Guards. Captain Green and R. H. Shelley were marching together, and being then opposite an assignation-house, which was formerly known as Venus Restaurant, about ten shots were fired at these two Republicans from the gallery of this house. The drummer and the Zouaves were next fired upon several times from the lower floor of the old confectionary saloon, corner Rampart and Canal streets, which is now unoccupied and undergoing repairs. At this corner the police first some fifty shots, and shots were exchanged indiscriminately along the line of Canal street from Rampart to Bourbon streets, during the space of fifteen or twenty minutes, during which time unarmed men of the War-mouth Guards threw away their torches and transparencies and sought safety in flight. Many of the torches and transparencies were picked up and conveyed to the First District Police Station. At one time a general conflict seemed imminent, but the marshals of the Republican procession and others, including Senator Pinchback, moved along the line and used their utmost endeavors to restore quiet and order, which was at length accomplished. The Steedman

Gaucha, which had been out in procession with another Democratic club, marched down Canal street and up Canal to St. Charles street, where they halted, instead of following the route of procession announced in the advertisements. The Steedmans filed up St. Charles street just as the head of the Republican procession on Charles street was seen from Canal street. Mr. Selover, a clerk of one of the Legislative committees, better known as a card writer, was walking along the south side of Canal street, about the time of the firing from Dumont's when he was approached by a man in a white uniform, who cut him severely in the right arm. Fortunately an artery was not severed, which the instrument cut near to. Shots were fired on Canal street by individuals, by members of one or two Democratic clubs, on the street, and from the hall of the Constitution (Democratic) Club on the south side of Canal street near Drydams. The latter shots were directed to the Republican procession opposite. The heaviest and most rapid firing was in the vicinity of Bourbon street. The banner of the Grant and Colfax Zouaves was captured by three white men, but was afterward gallantly recaptured by Isaac Parker, the standard bearer. When the Republican clubs went down Rampart street, after the affray on Canal street they were not formed in line. When passing the corner of Rampart and St. Peter streets they were fired upon from the gallery of the confectionary and coffee saloon at that corner. Three shots were fired into the Republicans, who were passing. It was the work of but little time to effect an entrance into the lower part of the building, and the contents of the coffee house and confectionary were speedily and quite thoroughly scattered and broken up.

The hostile and revolutionary element made some demonstration toward a general assault upon the Republican Club members from Congo-square, but it culminated only in three shots from the corner of Rampart and St. Peter streets. Where there was so much firing it is astonishing that little damage was done. The cowardly assassin who fired upon the unarmed colored man riding a mule on Canal street, succeeded in killing his innocent victim. The man was about forty-five years old, and leaves a wife and two children. Corner Avila held an inquest on the body of Voltaire Comangue, the victim of the assassin, and the verdict of the jury was that he came to his death from a pistol shot wound on the left side of the abdomen, the ball having penetrated the abdominal cavity and caused internal hemorrhage. In addition, we learn that the following members of the Grant and Colfax Zouaves were wounded: Pierre Clement, in the thumb; Pierre Macarty, in the finger; Samuel Phelps shot through the face; Edgar Leon, slightly wounded on the forehead. J. G. Toanny, colored, was wounded in the leg; one colored woman was wounded in the shoulder; another colored woman in the thigh, and Octave Rieffel, turnkey of the Third District Police Station, in the leg.

A SINGULAR INCIDENT—PRESIDENT OF DEMOCRATIC PARISH COMMITTEE ATTEMPTS TO SOUND THE FIRE ALARM.

About midnight, after the entire difficulty was over, and the city nearly as quiet as ordinarily at that hour, Mr. James Ellison, Chairman of the Democratic Parish Committee, went to the fire alarm office at the City Hall and insisted on "turning in the alarm," that is to sound the fire alarm on the bells of the city. He was met by the Chief of Police, who chanced to be there, and informed that he could not turn in the alarm. He insisted on it, and in reply to the question as to what he wished to do for this, said, to call out the citizens to put down the riot. The police were finally obliged to threaten him with imprisonment if he did not desist. As this action of Mr. Ellison transpired after the disturbance was entirely quieted, we can only conjecture what were the gentleman's real motives.

CIVILIANS PATROL THE STREETS.

A lieutenant of cavalry, whose command was posted on Canal street, rode down in the neighborhood of Congo square, and saw on Orleans street, a squad of some twenty white men, with shot guns, patrolling the street. He rode up to them and told them that they must disperse. As they failed to do so, he rode up to Canal street, and reported the fact, and was ordered to proceed with a squad of cavalry and either disperse or arrest this self-constituted patrol. Arriving at Orleans street, he failed to meet again these shot-gun volunteers.

WHAT A LADY SAYS.

A lady who resides on Canal street, between Bourbon and Dauphine, asserts that the first firing came from the gallery. She desires her name withheld, but it can be procured, if necessary, in legal proceedings.

In its editorial comments *The Republican* says: The disturbance on Canal street, last evening was a fair sample of what the Democratic journals are in the habit of calling "negro riots," but which should in truthfulness be called "massacres of negroes." The riot of July, 1866, was the same thing upon a larger scale; and as then the Democratic organs strained every nerve and exercised their utmost ingenuity to excuse the butchery, so now they strive to make the country believe that the bloody business of last night was begun and carried on by the Republicans. In answer to this we have only to point to the dead body of the Republican who was slain on Canal street; to the undoubted fact that the first shots were fired by Democratic rioters from the gallery of the restaurant, and that almost simultaneously some half-dozen shots were fired at the procession from the corner of Rampart street. The Republican procession was peaceful, and when the difficulty began, endeavored, in accordance with standing instructions, to avoid any conflict. It was followed and attacked by Democratic clubs, and as a fitting finale, the chairman of the Democratic Parish Committee went to the City Hall, after all disturbance had ceased, and attempted to sound by telegraph the general fire alarm, as he said, "to call out the citizens to put down this riot." We can all fancy what is meant by calling out "citizens" to put down a riot which has already come to an end. The philosophy of the whole thing is simply this: That the Democracy of Louisiana do not recognize the right of a Republican procession to parade at all! They call letting it alone "forbearance," and counsel an abstinence from attack only as a measure of temporary policy. The slightest pretext suffices for a bloody battle, and they are ready to make any street fight a signal for a general massacre.

N. Y. Tribune.

A LETTER FROM THADDEUS STEVENS.

The following letter was made public the first time on Wednesday night:

WASHINGTON, Saturday, June 27th, 1868.

DEAR SIR: I regret I cannot speak favorably of the Chicago platform. It is like most of the Republican platforms for the past six years, lame and cowardly. For twenty years before the war the North behaved like pitloons in all their legislative controversies with slavery. They have much more physical than moral courage. Had it not been for a few determined men in 1861 the Union would have been dissolved. The Republicans have, as I said, great physical courage, and, when driven to the test, will always conquer. They are just as timid now as before the war—for trade might suffer. What did the bold men at Chicago gain by

selling the right of suffrage? They tell me that the loyal blacks at the South earned it by the aid they gave us, but that when they have not made that purchase, the right of suffrage remains at the pleasure of the States. Now, the Republican Party knows that the Declaration of Independence contains no such folly, no such wickedness. I treat every man as a man, and the right of universal suffrage is an inalienable right, long suspended from neglect, and now, for the first time since the forming of the Constitution of the United States, capable of enforcement. You insult the shades of Adams, Otis, Jefferson and their compeers, by talking to them about bartering the imperishable right of the elective franchise. Why not traffic or sell their life, liberty and souls? This doctrine reduces all men to soulless slaves or corpses. This question must be met; the sooner it is done the more successful it will be. There is one consolation. The Democrats can't find as good candidates; but, from constant and long practice, will make a more villainous platform. It is vain for the Republican party to hope to maintain their liberty by skulking. Let them be bold and honest, and they will learn that "Heaven still rules." Let them be cowardly and mean, and they will receive their reward with the "heavers of wood and drawers of water." I am Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

THADDEUS STEVENS.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1868.

MR. EDWARD M. DAVIS, No. 333 Walnut street, Philadelphia, consents, for a time, to act as General Agent of the Pennsylvania State Anti-Slavery Society; and to receive and forward, from Philadelphia and vicinity, subscriptions, and advertisements for THE STANDARD.

PREMIUMS.

We continue to offer to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year (\$6); or to any who will send two new subscribers (\$6); either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters," 562 pages, with steel portrait—price \$2.50.

Lyllia Maria Child's Romance of the Republic, 442 pages—price \$2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court, 498 pages—price \$2.50.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.

We will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and sending one new subscriber (\$6); or remitting for two new subscribers (\$6), a copy of ANNA E. DICKINSON'S new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "WHAT ANSWER?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy reach of thousands.

UNITY OF PURPOSE.

What he wishes, that he wishes with a will—the picture history gives of the greatest Roman, Julius Caesar. Unity of purpose is efficiency and success. One object dogged for a lifetime by very common abilities is almost sure to be accomplished.

There is another advantage in this singleness of aim. It clears the field and relieves one of all trouble from side issues and intricate questions. Like the cannon ball it clears its own path. If the despot could be perfect in wisdom and motive, despotism would produce the best government, though even that would not result in so much good as the self-correcting action of Democracy.

Our own history for ten years past is an instructive comment on the value of this singleness of aim. The masses had one idol, one object—the Nation. Over-zealous rebellion, Scott's fustiness, McClellan's treason, Lincoln's indecision, Congressional bumbling and commercial distress they went straight to their object, without change or shadow of turning. Nothing blinded, nothing confused them. 'Twas the Sailor's north star. 'Twas the pilot's light; rock, headland, city spires are nothing to him. The coast for him has one point only—the beacon light. He watches that and is safe.

If Congress had been wise, how much simpler the problem of reconstruction. The streets roar with discord, the Senate Chamber and Courts are loud in debate over a dozen Constitutional questions. Has the Executive usurped power? What are the rights of a belligerent? Are those communities in the Union or out? Shall they vote on a Constitutional Amendment or not? Can Congress make laws and impose conditions? Suppose now, as Stevens, Sumner and others urged, Congress had simply resolved that by rebellion the States lapsed into Territories—nothing outside the loyal lines, but men and land; no law, no rights, but those of humanity; men, forms, franchises and rights, all at the mercy of the conqueror; and that right of quest limited only by the laws of war. Then the Supreme Court would have nothing to do with the matter. No delicate question of Constitutional law would divide public opinion. The rules that govern conquered territories have been settled for centuries. With such simple plan neither Fessenden and Ross, nor Chase and Seymour, nor Johnson and Ku-Klux could have troubled us at all.

But there is no use in looking back except for light on the future. Take the case of Georgia. This is a war of ideas. Two social systems had tried for seventy years, to tolerate each other and discovered, at last, that it was impossible. Great elements of interest and right bound both in one Nationality. Each section, conscientiously convinced that its own social system was right and just and beneficent, sought to impose it on the other. So far as each was honest in that conviction (a man may believe a lie) each was justified in that attempt. We of the North claim that we not only thought our system right and best, but that in absolute truth and "perfect witness of all-judging Jove," it was right. We set out therefore, with clear conscience and full heart, to carry our ideas into the South. If we had no right to carry our ideas there, we had no right to send our armies there. Having sent our armies there and triumphed, we are fools if we do not carry our ideas there. This principle covers the whole ground. The object of the war is to make Georgia over and model her into the likeness of New York, Vermont, and Massachusetts. Till this is done the war is not closed. Till Georgia submits to the conqueror—an idea—she does not recover the rights or place forfeited by rebellion. She is not an old State resuming her place, the moment she behaves better. No man there owns his plantation by virtue of the deed he took years ago. He holds it by the gift of the Nation since the surrender of Appomattox. The Nation creates a new State of Georgia out of the old Territory. If we had new named it, as we might, LINCOLN or STEVENS, there would have been no confusion.

Old associations and deference to local feeling, make us preserve the old names. But they represent no rights and save none.

If therefore this "work of our hands" presents itself at the doors of Congress, ragged, awry and ill made up we must send it back to be recast. The Nation has one root—one radical idea—Liberty, Equality. When Georgia is grafted on that root; when her civil forms come from that central idea; then and not till then does she get the right to be recognized as a governing part of the Nation and not its subject; a part of its organism, and not inorganic matter which the National organism is about to assimilate.

We wish Congress could be persuaded or emboldened to look at this question of reconstruction from the standpoint we indicate. Nothing else will ever bring Southern mind into union with the North. With an efficient constable in the White House, and the assassin's hand kept from his neighbors throat all through the South, capital, education, business will enter and possess their own fields. But no mere material change or prosperity will ever convince Southern dissent or ally Southern resentment. The man who stands childless and impoverished by a rebellion, which he has aided and approved, will be obdurate though all the spindles whirl, all the fields bloom and all the wharves groan with their burdens about him. He went to war for an idea. He sacrificed child and wealth for an idea. To make him submit, with any approach to contentment, he must see his conqueror acting on the same level—an idea. Unless we wait till all this generation at the South is dead, we can never hope for peace except some influence be brought to bear on Southern conscience. Bad as that section is there is still moral sensibility there. While the strong hand of just government allows the Nineteenth Century to enter and possess its own—melting away antagonism by the humanizing effects of industry, trade and civilization—we hope the Government will set such an example of consistent action and full faith in its own ideas as shall touch the mind and soul of the South. They saw a government frightened into the Proclamation of Emancipation by bloody defeats and the threatening attitude of foreign Nations. They saw Mr. Lincoln goaded to it by letters from all our foreign ministers, warning him of the danger of delay. What moral effect could such an act have on the South? Let them see us rise to the majesty of the ideas that really rule us; see us accepting a principle, not drifting before the tempest of necessity. The thoughtful Southerner weighs to-day with something of submissive respect the opinions of the Abolitionists. The class of such may be small, but necessarily it is the leaven. To such minds Sumner, Stevens, Wade and Butler have more respectful welcome than Lincoln and those who submit to principles but neither proclaim nor act upon them. At any rate let us not trust our future wholly to the influence of material interest and an industrial reconstruction. A great Nation must grow out of and rest on ideas. To be respected it must be true to those ideas.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The letter, which we reprint from *The Tribune*, from the pen of Mr. Smalley, affords gratifying evidence of the progress of the woman's suffrage movement in England. Though all the votes which women will have cast at the ensuing elections be nullified, by the final rulings, not only will the minor fact, of their having voted in due form at the polls, remain, but the greater fact of the widely expressed desire on the part of many thousands of women to share political responsibilities will have an increased significance, and steadily assume more and more importance. The movement for woman's enfranchisement in England has grown in its proportions very rapidly during the past five years. It may now fairly be said to lead kindred efforts in this country and elsewhere. The women engaged in it are among the most substantial, intelligent and thoughtful, and of their organizing, executive ability, the results already achieved afford ample proof. In a country the recognized head of whose government is a woman, such a movement has the full benefit of the highest precedent, as well as the support of logical, unanswerable argument.

In this country there are also many very encouraging indications of progress in the direction of woman's enfranchisement, though as a movement, there is less cohesion and efficient organization than in England. The hour for extended co-operation and concert of action in a comprehensive, national movement on the part of American women, though rapidly approaching, does not appear yet to have come. Much hard and effective work has been done by a few able and earnest women and men, probably more than in England, and with results proportionately greater. But the labor has been, and is being done by individuals and minor associations, with disadvantages which more harmonious and compact organization will ultimately supplant. As yet the working forces here are, as compared with the movement in England, disintegrated, and therefore less effective for immediate results. A very few women here seem disposed to indulge in a weakly sort of partisan coquetry, and to accept the leading-strings of the negro-hating Democracy, a party utterly devoid of true respect for the rights of either women or negroes. That is a tendency, however, which will regulate itself. One thing which has served to localize, rather than nationalize the efforts for the enfranchisement of women in this country is the still debated question of jurisdiction over suffrage, whether it rests with the National or State governments. The latter is the view which has hitherto mainly prevailed, and the few women in different States interested in women's enfranchisement have addressed themselves, mainly independent of each other, to their respective State Legislatures.

Opinion is rapidly changing however in regard to the suffrage question as related to the States, and to the National government. The conviction is steadily gaining ground that not only does justice demand, but that it will shortly become an inevitable necessity of our national existence, that we have a uniform basis of suffrage, as we already have of currency, which no State may modify, or interfere with. To this end the friends of woman suffrage in this country should earnestly address themselves. As the greater includes the less, so an amendment of the Federal Constitution, (unhappily rendered necessary by the lately added Fourteenth Article) guaranteeing suffrage to women as citizens throughout the Nation, would regulate State Legislatures, and secure most speedily uniform and harmonious results.

The District of Columbia is common territory, under the Nation's jurisdiction, in which the work for woman's enfranchisement has already been well inaugurated. We invite attention to the proceedings of the recent annual meeting, of the Suffrage Association of the District, which we publish in another column. We hope the work of this Association may be prospered, and that both for the sake of the women of the District who are disfranchised, and for its great value throughout the nation as a needed precedent, it may be speedily triumphant.

We are glad to learn also that some time in November an important Convention in aid of woman suffrage, is to be held at Worcester, Mass., the particulars of which will be duly announced. We hope that from this Convention, and from the friends of women suffrage throughout the country,

an urgent call will be addressed to Congress at the next session, by resolution, petition, and otherwise for the adoption of a Constitutional amendment, which when ratified by the requisite number of States, will enfranchise all women, upon equal terms with men, as citizens of a true Republic. Let not America be outdone by old England.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Georgia Legislature expelled another of its regularly elected members, Mr. Beard, on Tuesday last. The House Committee reported that they had found Mr. Beard to have in his veins more than one eighth negro blood. A resolution declaring him ineligible to a seat was thereupon adopted. The Legislature soon after adjourned to meet again in January. The presiding officer, before pronouncing the adjournment congratulated the remaining members upon the "harmony" (they had achieved during the session) for cool, unshaking impudence a Rebel-Southerner has no equal. Those expelled colored members represent in their persons the urgent necessity of immediate action when Congress reassembles to guarantee, "by appropriate legislation," the right to vote and hold office, irrespective of color, in every State, North and South.

Anti-impachment, "Conservative" Republicans, and negro-hating Rebel-Democrats are just now elated with the probable delusive hope of preventing the return of Gen. Butler to the XLII. Congress. A great hue and cry is raised against his financial doctrines. We suspect that with most of his opponents the real trouble is that they are too much annoyed and shamed by his incisive advocacy of impachment, of wholesome restraint for Southern rebels, and of justice for the colored race.

We are very glad to see that Mr. J. WILLIS MENARD, an intelligent colored citizen of New Orleans, and an occasional correspondent of THE STANDARD, is in the field as a candidate for Congress. We shall chronicle with much pleasure his election.

The Spanish Revolution has assumed large and important proportions. It is likely to result in a more liberal and progressive type of government, if it be not absolutely Republican.

We invite the attention of our readers to the chapter, presented on our first page from Miss Dickinson's new book, "What Answer?" descriptive of Horatio Seymour and his "friends."

PERSONAL.

Rev. Dr. Bartol sailed for the Azores, Sept. 17th, for the benefit of his health.

At the Working-Women's Classes, in London, M. D. Conway lately lectured on America and its institutions.

Major-Gen. Geo. B. McClellan arrived on the 29th ult. in this city, from Liverpool, by the Cunard steamship, Cuba.

Rev. Thomas Hill, President of Harvard College, has resigned his office, and his resignation has been accepted.

James N. Buffum, of Lynn, was nominated for Presidential elector. By the recent Republican Convention which renominated Gen. Butler for XLII. Congress.

The Hon. Gerrit Smith has addressed a letter to Gen. Lee, in which he upbraids him for not showing a more cordial and generous spirit towards the North and Gen. Grant.

Guizot is eighty-one years old, of medium size, slim and straight, with white hair and skin, sunken cheeks and a bright eye; the type of an austere, old-school gentleman.

Mrs. Caroline R. Putnam of Salem, Mass., and her son Mr. Edmund Quincy Putnam, who have been travelling in Europe the past two years, arrived in this city by the Cunard steamer, Scotia, on her last trip. We have received from Mr. Putnam a concluding letter of his very interesting series as our occasional Foreign Correspondent, which we shall present next week.

Gen. Sheridan addressed the following telegram to the recent Soldiers' Convention held in Philadelphia: "FOR HARKER, Kansas, Sept. 30th.—Say to the Boys in Blue that it is as essential to have a political victory this Fall as it was to have an Appomattox in '65, and that every man who leads his country should vote for Grant." P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-Gen. U. S. A."

Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels, we are glad to learn, will speak at the Cooper Institute, on Tuesday evening next, the 13th inst., upon national affairs, under the auspices of the Union Republican Campaign Club. Mrs. Daniels is an effective and eloquent speaker, thoroughly in earnest in behalf of the outraged and imperiled colored people and white loyalists at the South. Her influence will be of a most wholesome character, and the help of her voice very opportune at the present time.

Geo. William Curtis has returned from his Summer sojourn at Ashfield, Mass. He gave the annual address before the Agricultural Society at Greenfield, and in closing some remarks made at the dinner-table, he said that most men, when they die, like to have some line indicative of their aspirations carved upon their grave-stones. As for him, come death whenever it may, he should prefer to have inscribed on his grave-stone: "Here lies one who, early and late, did all he could to see that other men had fair play."

Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer, who has died in Berlin in her sixty-eighth year, was one of the most prolific of German dramatists and adapters, and was also an actress of great merit. She was born at Stuttgart, and made her first appearance at Munich when only thirteen. She was for a long time a director of the theatre at Zurich, which, under her management, turned out some of the best actors Germany now possesses. In addition to her plays she wrote several romances.

Miss Clough, a relative of the late poet, Arthur Clough, has devoted much time to the preparation of a course of weekly lectures for women in various cities in the north of England. Under her management, ladies' educational societies have been formed in Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds and Sheffield, and a course of eight lectures by a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the former place, was recently delivered with great success. This course began with an attendance of one hundred and twenty women, and ended with nearly two hundred. An examination was held at the close of the course with excellent results.

Lord Amberley has written a letter to *The Western Morning News* to defend himself against the charge of having changed his opinion in favor of the ballot in twenty-four hours. The letter concludes thus: "The truth is that I gave no pledge upon the question of the ballot when I contested Leeds, or when I was returned for Nottingham, as I was desirous, before committing myself, of giving the subject a longer consideration. What I have heard since then of the conduct of landlords toward their tenants has been amply sufficient to convince me that the ballot is indispensably necessary in order to secure freedom of election."

The Boston Commonwealth says: "A welcome home feast is in store for our colored fellow-citizen, Robert Morris, Esq., of the Suffolk bar, who has just returned, with his wife, from France with their son, a graduate of the Imperial College. The young man, the first New England born colored young man ever favored with such

an opportunity, has for the past eight or nine years been pursuing a course of studies at this college, graduating with high honors, having been awarded the two highest prizes—gold medals—by the examining judges. His case is evidence of the capacity of colored persons, when a fair and equal chance is open, to attain the highest point of intellectual culture."

George W. Smalley, in a London letter to *The Tribune* says: "Mr. G. J. Holyoake's excellent pamphlet in reply to Mr. Mill on the Ballot has been widely circulated. It is no disrespect to Mr. Mill to say that Mr. Holyoake's practical knowledge of the question is far greater than that of his distinguished opponent. In acknowledging a copy sent him by the author, Mr. Gladstone writes: 'DEAR SIR: I thank you very much for your pamphlet. I will not say that you efface from my mind the arguments of Sydney Smith and John Mill; but the ballot, or its friends, have to thank you for an able and manful defense. I remain, yours, very faithful and obedient.' W. E. GLADSTONE."

"G. J. Holyoake, Esq." "This letter, I think, was the origin of the report that Mr. Gladstone had pronounced in favor of the ballot—a report quite at variance with the fact."

A writer for the Rochester Chronicle describes an hour's interview with "Petroleum Nasby." We make the following extract: "The portrait of him by Nast, as he sits in his famous post-office, opposite Bascom's grocery, with his feet on the table almost touching a bottle of whiskey, and the longed-for 'communion' firm in his hand does him great injustice. He really don't look half so surly and cross. But his trials with A. Johnson about that 'postoffice' probably soured him some. After a few moments' waiting in the editorial sanctum Nasby comes in. He has that quiet, easy, unpretending manner which wins you over at once. You see in him the honest, candid, intelligent, thoroughly-posted and most intensely earnest political writer of the day. He has none of that light, punning, yet droll wit of the Artemus Ward kind, for he is not at all that kind of a man. He is a deep, thoughtful man, with a purpose, with a great work laid out for him to do, and an inflexible resolve to do it; occasionally in conversation a rich nugget of wit will fall out from the well-known Nasby vein, but rarely—in fact he says he cares but little for the reputation the Nasby papers have brought him if he were to be known by them only."

Miss Sarah P. Remond, who has been in Europe for several years past, and during the last two years a medical student at Florence, Italy, in its largest hospital, the S. Maria Nuova, after a regular course of study and also of hospital practice, has recently passed the necessary examinations, and received a diploma for professional medical practice. From a private letter recently received from Miss Remond we make the following extract: "During my many years absence from the States I have always depended upon THE STANDARD for accurate information not only in reference to the colored race, but also kindred subjects, for in all my wanderings it has been my companion, and I should exceedingly regret not having it. Very often I lend it to some one who seems to derive real pleasure from it. All is not Peace yet in the moral Republic, particularly in its dealings with the race so long enslaved. Here in Italy I am more dependent upon your paper than when in England, as you will quite understand. How very difficult it seems to make foreigners understand the real state of this whole question of justice towards the colored race, or any of the great social or political questions of the States. I was exceedingly pleased at your remarks upon the letter in the *Pull Mall Gazette*, in THE STANDARD of August 8th. I refer to the letter 'supposed to be written by Mr. Anthony Trollope.' How it makes one doubt all such men's opinions on all other subjects; when clever men write such inaccurate statements and show such complete ignorance of the subject of their comments. From Mr. Carlyle, up and down, such injustice is dealt out to the colored race that, what with their ignorance and their lateral prejudices it is almost too much for 'flesh and blood to bear.' If men of culture write such inaccurate statements, what can we expect but just such ignorance in the mind of the general public. What right have they to write about a race of whom they seem to know absolutely nothing, or next to nothing. I know that often they get their information from Americans, but then the same Americans are no better informed, and have the same and often worse prejudices; but neither Americans nor Englishmen are to be justified in insulting a race. This is only one of the many injustices we are obliged to endure; sometimes from our real enemies, like Carlyle and his followers, not unfrequently from pretended friends. In every foreign land which I have visited I could give you instances of this hateful prejudice of Americans and some Englishmen who seem to 'better their instruction.' My only consolation is that there are both Americans and Englishmen who have no sympathy with such injustice, as unjust as it is unscrupulous. The theories of Europe are now turned towards the contest in the Presidential struggle. I do wish the United States could be better represented abroad. The time has come when it ought to be the case. In every capital of Europe there should be men who represent justice in every sense of the word. Until this is done the United States will be misunderstood. I could give some curious and instructive facts upon this point."

"Behold how good a thing it is, And how becoming well, Together, such as brethren are, In unity to dwell."

Nevertheless, these rivals are still "brethren;" all the speakers who urged this separation, even those who charged habitual, intentional and systematic dishonesty upon the other party, spoke of the dishonest persons as "Christian brethren." What they had done was very bad, and was good cause for cutting loose from them in business relations, but it did not infringe upon their Christian character. To be sure, they were unworthy, but there was no taint of honesty upon them. They were not good at fulfilling engagements, but nobody could be sounder on the vital points of infant baptism and Sabbath observance. In short, the meeting in question seemed to think of the New York brethren precisely what farmer Howist thought of Deacon Sharp, namely, that "though, no doubt, he was all right God-ward, yet nian-ward he was reputed to be rather tricky."

NORTH.

The result was that the Boston Society adopted, by a very large majority, the resolve of immediate separation proposed by the Executive Committee, and will forthwith proceed to send out their old Agents, or new ones, to canvass the orthodox churches, and do what they can to rival the Agents of the National Society in moving the hearts and opening the purses of the brethren. Thus that energetic competition between the delegates from these two societies, the *inconspicuousness and inconsequence of which were the chief reason for the reunion which took place last February*, is now to be renewed in the bosom of each orthodox church; and considering the free expression which has been given to the reasons for this second separation, the partisans of each side may find some difficulty in singing together the well-known hymn—

Our Boston Correspondence.

Boston, October 4th, 1868.

I WROTE to you in February last that the Boston "American Tract Society," after separating, in 1859, from the National Society of the same name in New York on account of the corrupt administration and policy of the latter, had succeeded in repairing the breach, and bringing the two together again. The word "succeeded" looks strange, does it not, in such a connection but it is precisely the appropriate word, since this consummation was only reached by a series of humiliating overtures for return by the withdrawing body, met by an unmistakable display of cold shoulder on the part of the proslavery National Society until a concession was made of sufficient importance to be worth receiving; the concession, namely, that the Boston Society would withdraw the soliciting Agents from whose personal addresses to the churches its funds were mainly derived, and would relinquish this important instrumentality to the sole use of the New York Society.

On that occasion it fell to Rev. Dr. Dexter, the chairman of the Committee which engineered this reunion, to make some statement which might plausibly account for this return of the dissenters to the established body; and with this view he concocted the following sentence: "The two Societies, in consequence of the providence of God in the civil war, have drifted round; so that, instead of being essentially different in their views and their treatment of that subject (slavery) or of any other subject, they are essentially the same."

It was, unfortunately, not true that the New York Society had drifted from, or left, in any manner whatever, that proslavery position against which the Boston Society had formerly protested; and it is a trifle discreditable to the Boston Society—if, as Dr. Dexter implied, it had "drifted round" from the position of rebuking sin; but, since neither officers nor members of the Boston Society objected to this description of their conduct and character, we will let it pass. At any rate, the breach was repaired, the new union cemented, and a sweet season of unanimity and brotherly love appeared to be expected as the result.

Since, however, there were a few fragments of business remaining unfinished, or questionable, the Annual Meeting held a few months after was adjourned, not without day, or for a year but "to the call of the Executive Committee."

The necessity of this provision seems to have been very real, for the Executive Committee called the Boston Society together on Thursday of last week, the notification saying that "important business" was to be transacted, though giving no hint of what that business was. This meeting was held in the unfinished new rooms of the Boston Society at 164 Tremont Street, and was attended by members from places as far distant as Cleveland, Chicago, showing that special advocates of the "important business" had been particularly summoned, and giving plausibility to the complaint of some of the mem-

bers that business of such importance should have been particularly specified in the Call.

The meeting having been opened with the usual formalities, the Chairman of the Executive Committee read a paper, prepared with great care, and, expressed with great moderation, rehearsing the main features of the agreement made between the two bodies in February last, declaring that the union then contemplated had failed—through failure of the New York Society to fulfill the conditions it had promised "in the sense understood when the compact was made and in the fair and reasonable meaning of those terms"—and announcing the unanimous agreement of the Executive Committee in recommending to the Society the adoption of the following resolution: "Resolved, That the vote of this Society, passed February 12th, 1868, by which the proposed agreement with the American Tract Society of New York was adopted, be, and the same is hereby, rescinded."

The paper thus read by the Chairman of the Executive Committee was a printed "Statement of the Executive Committee to the American Tract Society." Copies of this paper were distributed to the members present at the meeting, and the document will doubtless have a wide distribution, as it presents that decorous, moderate and quasi-fraternal statement of the case which the Committee wish to have go before the world. Near its close there was a passage left purposely obscure, (to preserve the aspect of Christian fellowship with the brethren whom they feel obliged to break off from), as follows: "The Committee say, in regard to the separation—'They have foreborne to speak of other reasons for this than those which grow out of the non-fulfillment of that agreement, as now rectified. But there are such reasons, most deeply affecting the prosperity, if not the very existence of the Society, which must ere long, if the compact be not rescinded, be urged upon your attention.'—The debate which followed threw some light upon this obscurity."

The Chairman of the Executive Committee followed his report by a speech, in which he expressed himself more warmly, though still in a guarded manner, saying that if this had been a commercial transaction, dishonest and fraudulent would be among the mildest of the terms used to describe such conduct, and that the Managers of the New York Society in regard to this conduct.

An animated discussion followed, most of the speakers being strong advocates of the plan proposed by the Executive Committee. It appeared that the New York managers had successfully and systematically practiced the Fabian policy, delaying, hushing up, taking for granted, and in every way protracting the negotiation upon matters remaining unsettled—gaining, meantime, for their Society, what the Boston Society lost pecuniarily by the late fraternal union, represented by the Boston Treasurer to be more than \$10,000 in the last six or seven months. One said that the New York managers never had forgiven and never would forgive the Boston managers for their rebukes in the matter of slavery, and their leadership in the separation of 1859. Another said that even slavery did not constitute the chief cause of division between the two societies, nor the chief reason for their separation; there was an objection even antecedent to that, against the New York Society, namely, a habitually unfair and deceptive manner of stating to the public the relation of their expenses to their receipts, details of which had come out, if the Boston Society were forced to go further than at present in exposure of their New York brethren.

On the whole, it was quite plain, not only that the Boston Society would do well now to make this separation, but that the whole plan of reunion, for which its officers had so labored and so humiliated themselves and their constituents, had been an enormous blunder; and it further appeared that the pecuniary loss involved was the smallest part of this blunder, for it was strongly urged by several speakers, and seemed to be tacitly agreed to by the rest, that the New York Agents, (who had now for six months monopolized the work of laboring among the churches throughout the country), had a real advantage over any Agents which this Society had sent or could send, in the persuasive use of pious language; that they could look with such a look, and speak with such a tone, and so movingly represent the glory of God, and the good of souls as intimately connected with the success of their organization, and appear so unselfishly regardless of anything but the said glory and the said good, that there was no saying how far even an immediate change of base would enable the Boston Society to restore the balance. They evidently expected that many of their own members would be drawn away, and kept away, by the devoutly persuasive speech of the New York brethren. And I doubt not that their fears are well founded.

The result was that the Boston Society adopted, by a very large majority, the resolve of immediate separation proposed by the Executive Committee, and will forthwith proceed to send out their old Agents, or new ones, to canvass the orthodox churches, and do what they can to rival the Agents of the National Society in moving the hearts and opening the purses of the brethren. Thus that energetic competition between the delegates from these two societies, the *inconspicuousness and inconsequence of which were the chief reason for the reunion which took place last February*, is now to be renewed in the bosom of each orthodox church; and considering the free expression which has been given to the reasons for this second separation, the partisans of each side may find some difficulty in singing together the well-known hymn—

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 4th, 1868.

THE Soldiers and Sailors' Convention, the grand parade and torch-light procession, were the all-absorbing objects of attention here last week. The weather was favorable, and the flow of people into our city from every direction was immense. The liveliest glow of enthusiasm seemed to pervade the community, and every citizen was imbued in some measure by the fervid spirit of the hour—all but the Rebel Democracy. Delegations were present from various counties, towns, cities, and States, near and remote, and seldom has this city held at one time such a vast multitude. All the hotels were filled, and thousands sought accommodations in the spacious areas of our large halls.

Mayor McMichael welcomed the Soldiers and Sailors in a spirited and eloquent address, and in the course of his remarks spoke of the peace that would follow the victory in November, "a peace that will secure to all who dwell upon our soil, of all climes, castes, creeds and complexions, absolute equality before the law." There are men living in the South, thousands of men and women who will hail with joy such a peace with far more ardor than the Mayor could feel in his impressive welcome to the soldiers and sailors. After Grant's election they will begin anxiously to look for its dawn. May they never droop in the shadow of disappointment!

Gen. H. A. Barnum responded to the Mayor's greeting. His speech was brief, sparkling and vigorous. No one could mistake its ringing tones, or misunderstand the meaning of its racy sentences. I will give you a brace of specimen paragraphs. "We have passed the conflict of arms," said the speaker, "but are at the height of the

Blue marching to the front, the rioters of New York city, the hotel burners, the St. Albans murderers, join with the unscrupulous traitors South, and, constituting the so-called Democratic party, are forming their lines for November's battle; and, forming for the grand attack on this combined enemy of peace and good government, are the victors, boys in blue and the loyal allies. With poetic justice the leaders of these hosts are chosen. With whose name is a synonym for all that opposed the war North, commands the cohorts of treason, while the great Captain who never knew defeat, and to whom armed rebellion laid down its arms, leads the hosts of freedom.

Here is one better than that:—"To us has been given the opportunity to perfect the liberty which our fathers established. Already, by the grand victories of our armies, have we established the absolute safety of our Government from armed attack, whether from within or without. It remains for us to so entrench the liberties of our country by righteous and just constitutions and laws, that equal and complete freedom, justice, and civil rights shall prevail throughout the land; and if I know the temper of our grand old army—if I read aright your presence here, my comrades, you will never, never, never, cease your efforts until the absolute freedom which you enjoy here in Philadelphia is secured to every good citizen of the Republic, in every hamlet of the land, be the millionaire or common laborer, educated or ignorant, white or black."

When Grant enters the White House, happy will it be for this land, and especially the victims of the Ku-Klux, if this healthful and needed spirit enters with him, this temper and this purpose; and earnest be our hope that all soldier orators, all the boys in blue, and all the Republican leaders, and speakers, politicians and legislators may zealously combine their efforts, and seek to establish the beautiful order of things thus indicated. The time for talking on the subject and foreshadowing will be ended then, and then will begin the time for actual, practical, tangible work.

Independence Square, scene of the great gathering, was handsomely decorated, and the gas-light display was cheerful and attractive. Among the brilliant mottoes and devices were: "Liberty and Union," "Grant us Peace," and "Freedom to All."

The great parade on Friday, and the grand torch-light procession in the evening, elicited marked attention. The various streets along which they passed, with gay and brilliant appearance, were lined with spectators, and adorned in every manner by the national flag. Here and there in all parts of the city, the stars and stripes met the gaze, flying from house-tops, hanging from windows, draped the doorways, or suspended across the streets. Many of the buildings were profusely and beautifully decorated.

Doubtless this occasion will exert a considerable influence in behalf of the Grant and Colfax ticket, but whether it will prove of sufficient local weight to secure the city to Tyndale for Mayor, is not well assured. The Democrats have been industrious workers in the assessment and naturalization business, and their recruits through these channels are evidently very numerous. They are said to count by thousands. This is what casts a doubt over the result in our city on the thirteenth. Gen. Hector Tyndale is such a worthy man, and so happily identified with the old moral conflict against oppression, a friend of freedom in its dark days and hostile to slavery when it reigned supreme in our land, that his success would be a pleasant event to the champions of liberty. But his uprightness of character will operate against him at the polls. His inherent antipathy to the distant features of party politics, excludes him from associations that might promote his success, and this creates a lukewarmness on the part of those who got his acquaintance then, but who contend for their utility, and consider him over-scrupulous. He will not stoop to win the prize, nor sacrifice manhood and dignity by recourse to any reproachful method or demagogic agency, in order to obtain patronage. It is good to find a man true to his culture, and steadfast in his adherence to a noble standard of propriety.

The latest attempt of the "pure" and "godlike" Democrats to impair Gen. Tyndale's chances, consists in the issue of a conspicuous placard containing the following: "No Atheist for Mayor to rule over a God-fearing people." Verily, our "wickedest men" are like wise reforming!

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 6th, 1868.

The political situation is unchanged. That is to say, murder and ruffianism run riot in the South, and indifference to the suffering of the Southern loyalists, exhibited by the great body of the Republicans, makes them guilty in their degree in these offences. The letter of Thaddeus Stevens recently published, criticising the cowardly and slow resolution of the Chicago Platform, is only an amplification of Richard Cobden's remark made years since, "Your Republican party lacks pluck." It is a party of good intentions, led by men of experiences and timidity. It is animated by all the young and hopeful faith and fervor of the Nation, but almost ruined by the men whose political education belongs to the era of whiggery, cowardice and compromise. It is a grave question whether the leaders, so-called, but who are really the driven ones, will not finally destroy it. I am told that Henry Wilson takes of conservative action when Gen. Grant is President. Disgusted with your correspondent for favoring woman suffrage, an irate politician said to him, that such erratic individuals as he would be driven out of the Republican party; that the conservatives were going to control things under Grant, etc., etc., meaning Thurlow Weed and his ilk. That, I don't believe. No one will be driven out of the Republican party for holding opinions not included in its platform. When it comes to that, and the question of National existence is settled, the Republicans will divide, each seeking his own place. What however I desire to note is this; that all these things show that a certain class of men are not taught by results, and will when they get over the scare now affecting their patriotic nerves, endeavor to find stopping places short of a genuine and logical result, and seek again to land on shifting sands, shouting, "I have found it—who dares to seek the granite shall be ostracized." For my part many things convince me that they will fall, chiefly of all, being the rampant devilry of the Rebel South and its Northern allies. Canilla and tiger villainies will be atoned without blood letting, because the terrible spirit which makes them will not be allayed and subdued, until by a series of outbreaks more terrible than these, it is emboldened to assume huge proportions and provokes the government into putting it down. The recent threat of Georgia's bragging defender of assassination, B. F. Hill's, in the Tribune ought to be heeded. Political defeat will not quiet the rebel element. They will make the effort to again revolt, and that portion of the Democracy, and out of New York it is the major portion, in the North, will attend them. An attack then, at the close of a year of races will be made, as a result of the past year. That is the legacy Andrew Johnson leaves us. His residuary legacies are the seven Republican Senators who acquitted him recently. Who lends the full spirit strength are such party managers as those who directed the recent Soldier's and Sailor's demonstration at Philadelphia.

In all that city, and among all that great throng but one man was found to say a faithful word for the negroes. Gen. Rush Hawkins of New York, at the Union League Banquet, spoke strongly and gave faithful evidence of his belief in genuine Democracy.

Standing on the streets of Philadelphia on Friday last I watched the gay column moving by. All were represented in one. Even woman's devotion found its representative in Dr. Mary Walker, who rode with the survivors of rebel dungeons, in that great column. But of the 200,000 and more of those heroes who at Fort Wagner, Canisteo, Island Mound, Cabin Creek, at Honey Springs, Olanes, and Salina in Arkansas, at Milliken's Bend and Fort Hudson, at Fort Pillow, and in that seething hell of sheeted flame, whistling shot and screaming shell at Petersburg, fought that man might be free and the

Nation be preserved;—of all those bronzed faces, not one survivor was present in the column. The soldiers and sailors were called to express by presence their views of the crisis. Not all. The cowardly and time-serving Philadelphians who hurried when the black man saved them from the traitor's bullet, and helped to give them opportunity to demonstrate were especially alarmed lest a man of dark skin should lend the fitting finish to the occasion.

Veterans of the Army of the James stood there with straining eyes (voters too thank God, though not in Pennsylvania) on the crowded walk, desirous, but afraid because not knowing how they would be received, to join in the proceedings and to show how faithful they were. I saw one man on whose breast hung a medal awarded him for special bravery, by order of Congress too, a survivor of the mine of Petersburg, and a man whose body has seven bullet marks in it;—this gallant soldier, well educated, talented, patriotic, earnest, a voter in his own city, did not feel that he would be welcomed there. Florida had on the ground but one who served in the Union army, a man too who has done as much or more than any other in that State towards organizing the Republican party, yet rather than recognize a colored man as one asked by the terms of the call, he was refused recognition among the list of officers, and a civilian, Governor of the State, not much whiter than himself, placed on instead. Now, there is not the slightest doubt that the Collier's Owens and others who in whispers begged that the colored soldier should stand back, would, if they had courage and were as honest as pluck itself, at once give, did it lie in their power, the franchise and all recognition. But these fellows let "I would wait, I don't care," and so the favorable moment passes. The fluid mass grows chill and cannot be moulded without reheating. The fallow field ready for the sower's hand is allowed to again grow over with weeds, and requires new ploughing. The Republican managers think too much in such matters of the party's needs and not enough of the nation's future. It has its good intentions and patriotism however to redeem it, though as in this case, and in others, it falls short; while the Democracy is reduced only to very evil designs and most treasonable intentions.

AMUSEMENTS.

"WHAT ANSWER?"—BY ANNA E. DICKINSON.

To the Editor of the Standard:

This book has already been favorably noticed in your columns, and well deserves the commendation it has received. It is, from first to last, a refined and beautiful romance, illustrative of our social relations and duties toward the colored people.

We admire the lofty moral courage with which the authors has confronted a ruling and prevalent popular prejudice. The "moral" and gist of the book is that all mere complexional considerations must give way, and be subordinated to the question of intrinsic merit and moral affinity between the parties concerned—in other words that the color of the skin is no fair criterion as to the social claims of the man or woman, or, to express it still further in the terse language of Burns:

"The face is but the givens stamp,
A man's a man for a' that."

Without occupying your space with any illustrative or lengthy quotations I would, now, merely draw the reader's attention to a spirited sketch on pp. 122 to 127 of Chapter X. So, on pp. 163 to 168 there is a strong conversation and statement exemplifying the social prejudice before alluded to. The absurdity of such prejudice is well shown on pp. 192 to 197.

For a truly pathetic sketch, see also page 212. A spirited description of the storming of Fort Wagner by the Fifty-Fourth colored regiment of Massachusetts is given on pp. 221 to 229. Then, on page 255 there is a neat sarcastic hit at Gov. Seymour, the Presidential candidate of the Democratic party. Mob rule and riot in New York is thrillingly sketched in Chapters XVIII and XIX; and the last page and paragraph in the volume, by its advocacy of "reconstruction" and our obligations thereunto concentrates the real answer implied in the title of the book. We commend it to your readers.

A. T. S.

MT. DESERT.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

BAR HARBOR, MT. DESERT, Sept. 21st, 1868.

DEAR STANDARD: A venerable Swiss botanist with a world-wide reputation, once turned round upon two chatting female companions, telling him about the wooded slopes of the Jura, with:—"No causez pas regards." Ever since I came here I have religiously observed his injunction; but, remembering my promise, I will try and catalogue some of the delightful experiences of the last few days as a sort of preliminary index to this volume of *undisturbed*, almost unimagined, beauty of Mt. Desert. There is a great deal here to tempt the explorer into ante-revolutionary epochs, particularly if he can get access to a certain precious French *Mss.* now in the keeping of the Historical Society of Bangor, but remembering how in Brooklyn several years ago some very interesting reprints for conversation were entirely broken up by the persistent tendency of some of the participants to revert perpetually to chaos, I refrain, only noting that the French Jesuits had a settlement here before 1607, and that on their arrival the Indians told them that this island was so noted for its salubrity that they always sent their sick here to be cured.

After that radiant election day with its gorgeous sunset, we bade adieu to the mainland and with a favoring breeze glided swiftly onto "Bar Harbor," where, as has been so comfortably entertained once, I am told that Henry Wilson takes of conservative action when Gen. Grant is President. Disgusted with your correspondent for favoring woman suffrage, an irate politician said to him, that such erratic individuals as he would be driven out of the Republican party; that the conservatives were going to control things under Grant, etc., etc., meaning Thurlow Weed and his ilk. That, I don't believe. No one will be driven out of the Republican party for holding opinions not included in its platform. When it comes to that, and the question of National existence is settled, the Republicans will divide, each seeking his own place. What however I desire to note is this; that all these things show that a certain class of men are not taught by results, and will when they get over the scare now affecting their patriotic nerves, endeavor to find stopping places short of a genuine and logical result, and seek again to land on shifting sands, shouting, "I have found it—who dares to seek the granite shall be ostracized." For my part many things convince me that they will fall, chiefly of all, being the rampant devilry of the Rebel South and its Northern allies. Canilla and tiger villainies will be atoned without blood letting, because the terrible spirit which makes them will not be allayed and subdued, until by a series of outbreaks more terrible than these, it is emboldened to assume huge proportions and provokes the government into putting it down. The recent threat of Georgia's bragging defender of assassination, B. F. Hill's, in the Tribune ought to be heeded. Political defeat will not quiet the rebel element. They will make the effort to again revolt, and that portion of the Democracy, and out of New York it is the major portion, in the North, will attend them. An attack then, at the close of a year of races will be made, as a result of the past year. That is the legacy Andrew Johnson leaves us. His residuary legacies are the seven Republican Senators who acquitted him recently. Who lends the full spirit strength are such party managers as those who directed the recent Soldier's and Sailor's demonstration at Philadelphia.

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Veterans of the Army of the James stood there with straining eyes (voters too thank God, though not in Pennsylvania) on the crowded walk, desirous, but afraid because not knowing how they would be received, to join in the proceedings and to show how faithful they were. I saw one man on whose breast hung a medal awarded him for special bravery, by order of Congress too, a survivor of the mine of Petersburg, and a man whose body has seven bullet marks in it;—this gallant soldier, well educated, talented, patriotic, earnest, a voter in his own city, did not feel that he would be welcomed there. Florida had on the ground but one who served in the Union army, a man too who has done as much or more than any other in that State towards organizing the Republican party, yet rather than recognize a colored man as one asked by the terms of the call, he was refused recognition among the list of officers, and a civilian, Governor of the State, not much whiter than himself, placed on instead. Now, there is not the slightest doubt that the Collier's Owens and others who in whispers begged that the colored soldier should stand back, would, if they had courage and were as honest as pluck itself, at once give, did it lie in their power, the franchise and all recognition. But these fellows let "I would wait, I don't care," and so the favorable moment passes. The fluid mass grows chill and cannot be moulded without reheating. The fallow field ready for the sower's hand is allowed to again grow over with weeds, and requires new ploughing. The Republican managers think too much in such matters of the party's needs and not enough of the nation's future. It has its good intentions and patriotism however to redeem it, though as in this case, and in others, it falls short; while the Democracy is reduced only to very evil designs and most treasonable intentions.

theatre. Are we the only beholders? Must not angels perceive also wonder and adore?

Then we go to the "evening." It might well be a "Campo Santo" for the Vikings; that long stretch of wave-worn, forest-crowned, lofty cliffs, with its dark-brown, low-arched caves and massive pillars, reminding you of Saxons' crypts under old cathedrals across the water. On our return we try to find the blacksmith who hammered away under water for specimens for Agassiz, and told the famous naturalist when he asked how much he owed him "that reading his article when it came out would be ample compensation for his trouble." Another sunny afternoon we cruise among the islands with Capt. Royal Higgins of the "Petrel." It should never be forgotten that this brave man and gallant sailor, at the peril of his own life, saved a lady from drowning with the rest of the hapless party lost on this coast a little more than a year ago. One whole day was so delightfully spent in a circuitous drive around this northeastern part of the island. First, you wind your way along a delicious bowerly road between Green and Newport Mountains to Otter Creek. On your left is "Thunder Hole," a chasm among those colossal blocks of granite where the wave booms so as to be heard miles away at certain times. These red rocks among which the "glad blue sea" tumbles its white crested waves to the sunshine are as thoroughly Scandinavian in form and color as the opposite shore is Scandinavian, and I seemed to behold the originals of those grand old cathedrals of Norway. The road we must take through, turns off to the right along the shore past "Seal Cove" lakes and mountains, new views, grand and lovely by turns, opening as we drive along till we reach "Somes Sound" where at the house of "John Brown" (grand old name) we obtain a boat and row down the sound between the mountains. Here, in a lovely spot some misguided or demented spirit has been wasting their time and strength searching for treasure that the spirit of Capt. Kidd has informed them is buried in this place. They have been at work six weeks already, and a dug dug down in the bed, a solid rock, but they still persevere with unabated courage. That such faith as this will move mountains remains to be proved. Returning to the road and keeping on through Eden and West Eden you soon reach Salsbury Cove and the familiar eastern shore again. Turning off near "Hull's Cove" to "Eagle Lake" we may see that lovely, mountain-guarded sheet of water when the shadow of green mountain falls across Newport and then wind our way along the shore to Bar Harbor at sunset.

"All Eve there shall be light."

M. E. M.

WOMEN SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND

GEORGE W. SALLEY in a letter to *The Tribune*, dated London, Sept. 19th, says:

At last a triumph for the women! If it is not a very great one it is all the more precious to them because it is the first. The parish of Ashford, in East Kent, has the honor of supplying the first list of female voters. The names of thirty-three women appeared on the register, and the Revising Barrister decided that in the absence of any objection he could not strike them off. Mr. D. Chamber is the name of this magistrate. His decision appears to be final, inasmuch as no one appears from it, and unless there is an appeal, no case can come before the higher courts. It follows, also, I believe, that these votes must be received at the polling booths, and may each be cast for any candidate whom each individual of the thirty-three shall prefer. But it does not follow that they will finally choose, or help choose, a member of Parliament. When the poll is closed they will have to undergo the scrutiny of the returning officer. I suppose his discretion is of a very limited kind, and that a vote cast by a person whose name is regularly on the list must, if there is no question of identity, be counted. At any rate, the candidate to whom he gives a certificate is *prima facie* member of Parliament. If this return is contested—if, for instance, the thirty-three constituted the majority of the successful candidate and his opponent petitioned, the question of their competency would then have to be determined by a committee of the House itself. The point the women have gained is that thirty-three female votes must be received at the polling booth in Ashford. It is not a very important success. Much more significant than an accident like this is the very great number of claims made all over the kingdom, and the attention the question has received. Probably not less than 20,000 women have appeared as claimants before the Revising Barristers. In many cases the arguments of their counsel and decisions of the magistrates have been reported at considerable length in the newspapers, and in this dull season they secured also not a little editorial comment. One common assertion—that the women themselves don't want the franchise—is refuted emphatically by the 20,000, for themselves, and no doubt for a much greater number who lacked energy or courage for the first battle. When the rest of them answer it as decisively as the workmen answered the same taunt of Mr. Low, the women will get what the workmen got—their own way.

The most extraordinary decision yet given proceeds from Mr. T. Campbell Foster, Revising Barrister for the Borough of Leeds. Mrs. Mary Howell, a member of the Society of Friends, and therefore a most respectable person, presented her claim to be put on the register. Mr. Butler, the Liberal agent, appeared as her counsel. The Revising Barrister Foster delivered an opinion a column long, rehearsing or rehearsing, the now familiar technical arguments against the woman's claim. But he did not confine himself to these. He thought it plain that if any woman could vote under the act, married women could not. "He should therefore have to deny votes to those who were most competent, from their knowledge of the world, from their experience and ripe judgment, while young girls, seeking to be married, and who have never since had the franchise, every girl would be in the position of continually attempting to commit political suicide, 'because the object of every girl—and of a very honorable object it was—to gain some position and station, and as long as she remained single she had not got it.' This, thought Mr. Revising-Barrister Foster, showed the claim to be absurd. Then, if they vote, they might be voted for, and become members of Parliament, and 'certainly, they would adorn and beautify those assemblies, and they might be useful in other respects, because they might bring before the masculine mind at least the advisability of re-establishing some of the sumptuary laws.' Then, if members of Parliament, why not ministers? asks the logical mind of the Revising Barrister. But that "would be turning the laws, the Constitution, and all that belonged to it, into something like ridicule, because [observe the barrister] on the evening when it had been announced that the Budget would be brought forward, it might be requisite to announce that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had just been confined of a fine boy!" Or if the Prime Minister had to be present at a particular moment in the House to answer some important question which affected the State, then the House might have to be content with this sort of an excuse: "The Prime Minister was in the toilet nursing her baby." Plainly the Constitution never would survive this sort of thing. Suppose it were said, as might have been said more than once last session, that the Prime Minister was in the lobby taking too many glasses of brandy and water. The Constitution appears to have survived that, but Mr. Revising Barrister forgot to draw so pertinent a parallel.

Mrs. Howell's claim, it is needless to add, was rejected. The learned and witty barrister refused also to grant a case for appeal, and adjourned Mrs. Howell to pay 10s. costs for making a frivolous claim. Mrs. Howell rose in court to remark that she should be happy to pay her 10s. to the support of the Revising Barrister if the law had been administered judicially, and not by frivolous constructions. A lady who has just read this account remarks, with intuitive feminine insight, that Mr. T. Campbell Foster is undoubtedly an old bachelor, whose nobody would have.

In Lambeth and Marylebone, two of the most important metropolitan boroughs, an eminent firm of solicitors, Messrs. Shaen & Rooce, have appeared for a number of women claiming to be put on or objecting to be stricken off the register. Messrs. Shaen & Rooce were at the Revising Barrister's Committee. In Marylebone, Mr. Shaen presented a most elaborate argument, which drew from Mr. Gorn, the Revising Barrister, the remark that although his mind had been made up he must reconsider the matter and take time to decide. On the following day he delivered judgment against the claim, but allowed an appeal. The number of claimants

in Marylebone is very great, and a "consolidated case" is granted to settle the whole of them. Among them is Margaret Lucas, No. 32 Carlton Hill, who was said in court to be the sister of Mr. John Bright.

In Salford, a borough formed out of Manchester, the names of 1,248 women had been placed on the register by the revisers. An attorney appeared in their behalf, and so did Miss Becker, whose efforts in Manchester itself have already been chronicled. But the same Revising Barrister, Mr. John Hosack, sits for both places, and the 1,248 names went off the list at one fell swoop.

In North Warwickshire, Mrs. Alice Watkins, a lady of about sixty years of age, claimed a vote, and her attorney in her behalf a remark made by Mr. Disraeli, in a speech delivered in April, 1866, that he (Mr. Disraeli) did not see why, where women had so much to do with the Church and State, they should not have the right to vote. But the Revising Barrister thought he saw more clearly than Mr. Disraeli, and rejected the claim.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE UNIVERSAL FRANCHISE ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of this Association took place on Friday, Sept. 25th, at Union League Hall, Washington, D. C. Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing presiding.

The annual report states that most interest has been shown in the cause in America and Europe, that it has made marked progress during the year, at home and abroad, and pays a tribute to the labors of Mrs. Griffing and Prof. J. K. H. Wilcox.

The following officers were chosen: President, Senor Pomeroy of Kansas; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Griffing, Mrs. McNall Lockwood, Dr. Daniel Broad, Miss Stickney, Thaddeus Hyatt, Caroline B. Winslow, M. D. S. T. Lee, Mrs. J. L. Slade, Prof. W. J. Wilson, Mrs. Olin, Judge Olin, Mrs. C. M. E. T. Christian, Prof. G. B. Vashon, J. H. Crossman, Mrs. A. S. Hall, Dr. C. B. Purvis, Mrs. Dr. Hathaway, Rev. Bishop Moore, Mrs. C. A. F. Seabright, Miss S. Stickins, Miss Emily Stanton, Dr. John Mayhew, John R. Evans, J. C. C. Whaley, Chas. Roser, Geo. T. Downing; Recording Secretary, Geo. F. Needham; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. T. Corner; Treasurer, Wm. Hutchinson; Managers, Mrs. Griffing, Mr. Hutchinson, Miss Lydia S. Hall, Mr. Needham, Mrs. Corner, J. H. Crane, Prof. J. K. H. Wilcox. Letters were reported from Frederic Douglass, G. W. Curtis, and Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.

The resolutions ask the aid of all friends of woman's suffrage, and all friendly journals, in bringing the subject of suffrage in the District before Congress and the country during the next few months; denounce property qualifications and commission government; regret the retirement of Dr. Broad from the office of Treasurer and thank him for his past services, and thank Mr. and Mrs. Holmes for the services performed by them while in office.

LITERARY.

THE GOSPEL IN THE TREES; WITH PULPIT OPINIONS ON COMMON THINGS. By Rev. Alexander Clark. 305 pages. J. W. Bangsday & Co., Philadelphia.

Rev. William Beecher writes an introductory chapter to this book says of its author: "By birth and education a Presbyterian of the strictest school, and by adoption and life a Methodist of the Republican order. From such a Calvinistic-Arminian Christian, might we not reasonably look for safe and evangelical opinions?" However he seems to have been suspected of ultraism. We find no ground in this volume for any such suspicion. It is comprised of a series of discourses, the first part devoted especially to trees which are used as symbols to illustrate scriptural truths. It is largely figurative and many of the thoughts are finely expressed. Some of the applications seem forced and far-fetched, but there is for the most part ingenuity and skill manifested in the treatment of the chosen texts. To our author, the "Gospel in the Trees" is unquestionably orthodox. And although he says many good things against sectarianism, his catholicism appears quite limited.

The second part of the book is more miscellaneous in character, and the closing discourse is commemorative of the success of the Atlantic cable from the very fitting text: "Who hath divided watercourse, or a way for the lightning." The pages glow with a religious zeal and fervor, blended with tender encouraging words for the suffering and afflicted.

The publishers have presented it in excellent type, on tinted paper with a neat and substantial binding.

THE LITTLE ANGEL, AND LITTLE HARRY'S WISH, by Mrs. H. N. Greene are children's stories, each teaching a wholesome lesson. THE LITTLE ANGEL is a temperance story from which we extract the following youthful resolve from one of the brave boys mentioned: "I will never, when I become a voter, help to put any man into office who is not pledged to the strictest temperance principles. I too would make the trafficker of this instigator of all crimes, so unpopular that no man could put the cup to his brother's lips, without a cloud of shame and degradation. When drunkenness is made unpopular in Senate chambers and in Presidential halls as it is in the hotel and gutter, we shall, as a Nation, become less humiliated."

LITTLE HARRY'S WISH; OR, PLAYING SOLDIER, illustrates the beautiful doctrine of peace and love as contrasted with the cruel practice of war and its attendant evils.

A high moral tone prevails both these brief stories, and their influence can but be good.

Published at the *Hopetide Age* Office, Hopetide, Mass.

Of Facundo Quiroga, the gaucho chieftain Sarmiento says:

The administrative system established in his province was finally completed by exorbitant duties on the province of cattle which did not belong to him. But in addition to these direct methods of acquiring wealth, he had one which embraced his whole public career—gambling! He had a rage for play as some men have for strong drink, and others for tobacco. His mind, though a powerful one, had not the capacity of embracing a large sphere of ideas, and stood in need of the constant occupation, in which a passion of the soul is in constant exercise, as it is crossed, appeased, provoked, excited, and kept upon the rack. I have always thought that the passion for gambling, was some useful faculty that organized society has perverted or left in inaction. The will, self-control and steadfastness which it requires are the same which advance the fortunes of the enterprising merchant, the banker, and the conqueror who plays for empire with battles. Facundo had habitually gambled since his childhood; play had been the only pleasure, the only relaxation of his life. But what an agreeable partner he must be who controls the terrors and the lives of the whole party! No one can conceive such a state of things without having read it before his eyes for twenty years. Facundo played until, say his enemies, I do not believe the charge, for cheating at play was unnecessary in his case, and he had been known to pursue to the death others who were guilty of it. But he played with unlimited means; he never let any one carry from the table the money he used for stakes; the game could not be stopped till he chose; he would play forty hours or more at a time; he feared no one, and if his fellow-gamblers annoyed him, he could have them whipped or shot at pleasure. This was the secret of his good luck. Few men ever won much money from him, although, at some periods of the game, heaps of gold were lost by him upon the table. The game would go on, for the winner did not dare to rise; and in the end he would have nothing but the glory of reckoning that his winnings, afterwards lost, had once been so large.

Gambling, then, was to Quiroga a system of plunder as well as a favorite amusement. No one in La Rioja received money from him, no one possessed any, without being at once invited to a game, or, in other words, to leave his funds in the chieftain's hands.—*Life in the Argentine Republic.*

After recounting various assassinations, Senor Sarmiento asks:

What motive could Quiroga have had for these atrocities? He is said to have told Oro at Mendoza that his only object was to inspire terror. And again, during the continual assassinations of wretched peasants, on his way to the headquarters at Atlix, one of the Villafraes said to him in a tone of fear and compassion, "Is it not enough, General?" "Don't be a fool," Quiroga answered; "how else can I establish my power!" This was his one method—terror with the citizen, that he might fly and

leave his fortune; terror with the gaucho, to make support a cause in which he had no personal interest. With him terror took the place of administrative power, enthusiasm, tactics, everything. And it cannot be denied that terror, as a means of government, produces much larger results than patriotism or liberty. Russia has made use of it from the time of Ivan, and has conquered the most barbarous nations; the bandits of the forest obey the chief, wielding this power which controls the fiercest nature. It is true that it degrades men, impoverishes them, and takes from them all elasticity of mind, but it extorts more from a state in one day than it would have given in ten years; and what does the rest matter to the Czar of Russia, the bandit-chief, or the Argentine commander?—Is.

RECEIVED.

THE HARVESTERS; for gathering the ripened crops on every homestead, leaving the surplus to mature. By a Merchant. Boston: William White and Company. New York: 544 Broadway.

A BOOK ABOUT BOYS. By A. R. Hope. 247 pp. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

TABLETS. By A. Bronson Alcott. 208 pp. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

IV, YES, AND PERHAPS. By Edward E. Hale. 296 pp. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

SMOKING AND DRINKING. By James Parton. 151 pp. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

LITTLE WOMEN. By Louisa M. Alcott. Illustrated by May Alcott. 341 pp. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE. By Horace Greeley. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

THE BRAMBLINGS OF BISHOP'S FOLLY. Paper, 183 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The North British Review, (American Edition), September, 1868. New York: The Leonard Scott Publishing Company.

Plymouth Pulpit; A Weekly publication of sermons preached by Henry Ward Beecher. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

The Sailor's Magazine and Seamen's Friend for October. New York: American Seamen's Friend Society.

Merry's Museum for October. Boston: H. B. Fuller.

Plymouth Pulpit. No. 2. New York: J. B. Ford & Co., 164 Nassau street.

The Ladies Repository. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.

The Radical for October. Boston: Morse & Marvin.

Proceedings of the First Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association, held in Boston, May, 1868. Boston: Adams & Co.

The Methodist Quarterly Review for October. D. D. Whedon, D.D., Editor. New York: Carlton & Lanshan.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FOR THE STANDARD.

FROM AUGUST 1ST TO OCTOBER 1ST.

1509 Marshall Pierce	\$3 00
1520 Robert Plummer	3 00
1521 Geo. M. Stiles	3 00
1521 Mrs. F. Wason	2 50
1472 Seward Mitchell	1 00
1438 Sarah D. Fiske	6 00
1475 Lydia Irish	3 00
1535 Eli Cadwalader	3 00
1482 Mrs. Hiram Washington	2 00
1491 Mrs. Eliz. Washington	1 50
1470 Rev. D. H. Montgomery	2 50
1456 J. L. Heywood	1 00
1441 Mrs. L. H. Bowker	3 00
1504 Hall & Brothers	3 00
1523 Seth B. Hunt	3 00
1519 E. M. Simpson	2 50
1490 Evan Randolph	6 00
1523 Edward Post	2 50
1508 D. B. Morey	2 50
1520 Otis G. Cheever	3 00
1491 Mrs. Elizabeth Gay	3 00
1523 Isaac Butler	3 00
1512 F. H. Snyder	3 00
1506 J. Elizabeth Jones	2 50
1543 H. O. Stone	2 50
1510 Reuben Irwin	3 00
1524 Clement Rockhill	3 00
1524 Benjamin Emerson	3 00
1524 Morton M. Urram	1 00
1499 Joseph Smith	1 00
1512 Benjamin Breed	2 50
1490 William H. Swift	2 50
1525 Harrison H. Noble	3 00
1510 Sophia E. Thoreau	3 00
1472 Wm. Backer	2 00
1499 Adelphi Club	1 50
1499 J. M. Grant	1 50
1542 Joseph Smith	3 00
1504 W. L. G. Clement	3 00
1456 N. W. Ellis	3 00</

Miscellaneous Department.

SEA-WEED.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Laden with sea-weed from the rocks.

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges;
In some far-off, bright Azure;
From Bahama, and the dashing
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf, that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Helvidres;
And from wrecks of ships drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas;

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, ere-long
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song;

From the far-off isles enchanted,
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth;
From the flashing surf, whose vision
Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong Will and the Endower
That forever
Wrestles with the tides of Fate;
From the wreck of hopes far-scattered;
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate;

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

HANDINESS.

HENRY WARD BEECHER UPON THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF DOYS.

MR. BOXER: I mean, by-and-by, to write you something in favor of extending the sphere of labor in which women may support themselves. But just now I wish to urge the importance of extending the education of men to manifold minor offices of usefulness. Handy and handiness express a peculiar aptness in small matters, versatility and tact. American boys who are brought up to labor are usually distinguished for the knack of turning their hand to anything. No one, in this country, ever dreams of confining himself to a single manual craft. For, though he may pursue but one regularly, yet he knows a great deal about many; and, at a pinch, a mason will be found plastering, painting, or carpentering. It is not uncommon to find a man who builds his own house, and performs the several parts belonging to all the trades which concur in house-building. "Jack of all trades and good at none," has been held in terror over men for I don't know how long. Yet, in America, the maxim has been held fairly trodden under foot, and is practically disowned. My father-in-law was a physician. He bought a farm; and few farmers in that town excelled him. He had also a small smithy where he mended his tools, shod his horses, and performed no small amount of smith's work.

He seldom sent a harness off from the place to be mended, and much of the cobbling was done in the house. His children were all brought up to turn their hand to anything. It is true that by this course no one could attain to supreme excellence in any one of all the departments. But that is not necessary. For the ordinary purposes of life, general handiness is better than skill in any one thing. If hard times befall one trade, a Yankee betakes himself to another. He looks about to see what things are thrifty, and puts his hand to them without waiting for a seven-years' apprenticeship. In old times, when men had few means of incitements to intelligence, long apprenticeships might be needed, and in some callings they still are. But a reading, thinking, courageous man, with confidence in his powers, can do a hundred things well enough for ordinary purposes without serving any apprenticeship, except with his eyes—learning as he goes along.

To a large extent this handiness is likely to be confined, however, to our laboring classes. The children of wealthy parents, and boys who are set apart for some learned profession, are seldom expected to deal with anything but ideas. When they grow up, if they fall in the particular calling to which they belong, they become helpless, and feebly strive to get along, with poor success, until kindly death has compassion on them.

Every boy, no matter to what he aspires, should be taught while young the use not only of implements for the farm, tools for the shop, the management of animals, etc., but he should be taught, as well, many parts of domestic economy. Every boy should know something about sewing, cooking, and the management of a house.

As autobiographies are in fashion, I will insert a chapter of my own. When I was about eight or nine years old I took care of a cow, a horse, and the pigs, split and brought in the wood, and did considerable housework. The confinement of the district-school was exceedingly distasteful to me. To sit for hours with a spelling-book or reader, without an idea, forbidden to whisper, and made to drone and drudge, was so irksome that, when I was nine years old, I petitioned to stay at home. I was told that I should grow up ignorant and stupid. Very well, ignorant and stupid I would be. Not thinking that I would agree to it, my mother said that I might stay at home if I would do the housework. I jumped at the chance. A long checked apron was made for me. It was my duty to set the table, to wait on others during meals, to clear off the things, shake and fold the table-cloth, wash the dishes, scour the knives and forks, sweep up the carpet, dust the chairs and furniture, and, in short, to do the whole of a second girl's work. With such relish did I pursue my tasks that my mother could not withhold her commendation; though she was always sparing of praise. To these tasks I soon added the hemming of towels and napkins, and, of course, fabrications—bags, ticks, and such like. During this period I also continued my stable-work. Being healthy and vigorous, I enjoyed the training, and was never half so good a boy, at home, as during the six months thus employed. Nor would I for any consideration spare the knowledge I then obtained. It has been of incalculable value to me all my life. I have never been afraid of breaking down and having nothing to do. The world is full of busi-

ness, if a man has a head and hand to do it with. I am not naturally expert in manual craft, yet there are few things that I cannot do after a manner.

While women are emerging from the household, and learning trades, professions, and arts, men should learn more of domestic craft, and thus, both the one and the other, will get along in life easier and better.

Nothing is more piteous than the too often seen helplessness of educated and refined people brought suddenly to poverty! Education should beget practical facility. Too often it is a mere exercise of the brain, in which the hands have no participation. When thrown out of their regular callings, hundreds of people are as helpless as a ship on the dry ground. The worst of it is, that nobody can help any one who cannot help himself. Imbecility in practical affairs leaves one to hang like a dead weight around the neck of those who would aid him.

It is foolish for one to say, "My children will never need such manual craft; they are to have wealth and influential connections." In the ever rolling flood of society in America nobody's children are secure against going in their turn to the bottom. If they can neither swim nor wade they must drown. Boys should be educated to use their eyes and hands in the expectation that at some day they may depend wholly on them for support.

N. Y. Ledger.

THE BATTLE OF OLUSTEE.

WHERE was the battle lost and won—
The bloodiest battle under the sun?

Where the fiery storm like a tempest fell—
Grape and canister, shot and shell—
And the jaws of death stood gaping wide
For our brave boys fighting side by side,
At Olustee.

Sixteen thousand in numbers good,
By breastworks sheltered, the rebels stood,
As our little army of barely five,
Footsore, weary, but all alive,
Without a waver or bated breath,
Marched boldly up to the jaws of Death,
At Olustee!

The sun rode high in the heavens that day!
As our brave boys entered the deadly fray!
The round moon rose in the dusky east,
Ere the battle ended, the carnage ceased,
And with rolling cheers our heroes beat
In gallant order a slow retreat.

From Olustee!

O, dearly the rebels brought the day!
Piled in their trenches the graybacks lay—
Three to one of our boys they fell,
Though grape and canister, shot and shell,
Poured into our ranks, to be only met,
By well-aimed rifle and bayonet,
At Olustee!

Honor and fame to those brigades,
And their dead that sleep in the tropic shades
Where they fought so proudly, so grandly fell!
Crown them, O country they loved so well;
Crown them with laurels, for earth holds not
Bolder or braver than those who fought
At Olustee!

HOW BANK-NOTE PAPER IS MADE.

ONE of a series of articles on "Curious Manufactures," published in the Philadelphia *North American*, is a description of the manufacture of bank-note paper. The writer says:

"There are but three mills in America making 'bank-note paper,' and but one that invariably makes it of the highest standard of excellence. Time was that rigid restrictions were thrown around the production of this material. Mr. J. M. Wilcox, at Glen Mills, some distance from Philadelphia City, makes most of the bank-note paper used in this country, and a great deal that is ordered from abroad. He inherits a business that in the time of his grandfather was conducted only under the eye of an agent of the government. When an order came for a supply an agent came with it. Of the portion of the mill in which the work was done he took possession. He supervised the entire process, from the maceration of the pulp to the cutting of the sheets. Every spoiled sheet was accounted for, and the scraps and cuttings were invariably gathered up and carried away by him. When the amount required was finished, no more paper could be had except through the authorized source. This caution is now done away with. Any man may take the best, or the poorest paper that he can, and sell it to whom he pleases. The counterfeiter has a vast deal of trouble with his plates, but with his paper very little.

"The American National, the Continental, and the British American engraving companies buy the paper and print the notes, charging the parties ordering a fixed price per sheet. The usual size for bank-note paper is 14x17 inches the sheet, each sheet making just eight notes. The material of the paper is wholly linen. It was once made of silk, not by machinery as it now is, but by hand. It was not an object to bleach it. This very article is written upon a venerable sample of pinkish paper, in which may be seen threads of scarlet pulp in which the dye has been purposely left undischarged. Machinery now does all the work. The material is linen, imported from Ireland expressly for the purpose, and the paper is therefore white as snow. The material was formerly made expressly for bank-note paper, for the Messrs. Wilcox, direct from the flax; but the linen factories—of course at a high price—keep up the supply from the cuttings of their products. Miscellaneous rags come from continental countries—Italy, Spain, and the neighboring kingdoms chiefly; but these people do not wear linen, and consequently do not have linen tatters to dispose of.

"A disclosure of the minute of making this precious paper would be a violation of confidence. The mills are situated upon a limpid creek in Swanbury township, Delaware County. They produce all kinds of fine and collar papers; but this special manufacture came under the head of 'curious,' and therefore receives our attention. It is interesting all through; for the linen taken into the fourth story of the building by one uninterrupted process, all done by machinery, is delivered in sheets from the cutting machine upon a snow-white table, in front of a girl dressed as carefully as if at a ladies' tea-party, who packs it into wrappers for delivery. American government and bank paper needs to be good. It is longer in use than any other paper money in the world. It could not be so if it were not the best. The Bank of England does not a second time issue the same note; ours go from hand to hand, sometimes until their identity is almost obliterated. Neither English nor French bank-notes are nearly so well-looking as ours. Neither the paper nor the engraving approximates in excellence to the work done for our own banks and our own government. The paper from Glen Mills is always the same, whether the price of material and skilled labor decline or fall. The Eastern makers (of whom there are two) differ from the Philadelphia mill in furnishing the article in proportion of excellence to the price they agree to take for it.

"Mr. Wilcox recently delivered a lot of paper to the office of the American Bank Note Company in this city, ordered for the printing of its paper money by the little kingdom of Greece. Every sheet bears in innumerable and uncountable letters a specific mark, made in the pulp by the delicate wire sieve on which it is dried. If this

mark were introduced by banks in general, counterfeiting would be virtually impossible. The writer is told that the Treasury Department is reducing to pulp and again working over its worn out and cancelled paper. To make bank-note paper three things, or rather four things are necessary: A considerable capital; absolutely pure water, that must be even then filtered to be fit for use; elaborate and special machinery; and last, but not least, an intimate and perfect knowledge of the business. Hard water, though coming from crystal springs that weep from rocky moss-clad walls, won't do. These springs are glorious institutions for picnic parties, make capital punch or lemonade, but they won't make linen into pulp. In these mills the soft pellucid water of the creek is carried to the apex of the building, where a ten thousand gallon tank is never empty, and each drop undergoes filtration that gives it all the softness and all the purity of the distilled water on the shelf of the apothecary."

HUMAN SKELETONS IN POMPEII.—Some of the details of these discoveries, contained in the *Journal of the excavations*, are extremely curious and interesting. Thus we read that, on the 30th of August, 1878, a human skeleton was found in the corridor of a house which the volcanic matter had not penetrated, but had so completely closed up by obstructing the doors that escape was impossible. Here the wretched man lived in utter darkness, we know not how long. It is a significant circumstance, that his bones, instead of lying in one place, were scattered about the apartment, and showed marks of having been gnawed. Near them lay the undisturbed skeleton of a dog. It is evident, therefore, that the brute had not only survived his master, but had also eaten him. In a shop connected with the public baths, not far from the forum, were also found two skeletons of persons who had died in each other's embrace. They were both in the freshness of youth, and of different sex. The affecting spectacle excited an unthought-of effusion of sentiment in the antiquarian bosom, and the bony twain were christened "The Lovers."

On the 14th of June, of the same year, eight skeletons were found under the ruins of a wall, and in May, 1878, another skeleton was discovered near the Temple of Jupiter, crushed by a marble column; thus proving conclusively that the eruption was accompanied by an earthquake. In the Temple of Isis, also, were discovered the remains of several priests, with chicken-bones, egg-shells, wine-goblets, and other indications of a banquet on a table near them. One of them had seized a sacrificial axe with which to effect his escape, but sank down exhausted, or probably suffocated by the mephitic vapor, before accomplishing his purpose. The statement made by several writers, and reiterated by M. Monnier and Dr. Dyer, that the said priest actually cut his way through two walls, is entirely erroneous; the walls do not exhibit any traces of such operations. Tradition tells of another priest who lay in the centre of the adjacent *Forum triangulare*. This man, whom Bulwer calls Calenus, was said to have been carrying off some of the rich silver furniture of the temple when death overtook him. As the *Journal* makes no mention of this circumstance, the reader will receive the account *omnino grato salis*.

North American Review.

ECONOMY.

FIRST VOICE.

AH! how poor the fashion of the day!
Hoarding wealth 'gainst life's far-off decay.

SECOND VOICE.

Ah, how *well* the fashion of the day!
Spending all thou hast upon the day.

THIRD VOICE.

If *well* spent, thou art fairly saved,
For the road thou goest is richly paved.

FOURTH VOICE.

If *well* spent, all is *more* than saved;
Unto self and friends thou'lt well behaved.

FIFTH VOICE.

If *well* spent, then 'tis not spent at all;
Thou hast ever thine own at beck or call.

SIXTH VOICE.

If one hoards, and starves his soul within,
Others shall dream what may to him befall.

S. H. M.

THE GUILLOTINE.

A LATE meeting of the Paris Academy of Science was entirely devoted to a report drawn up by M. Dubois, which treated of questions which cannot fail to excite general interest, viz.: Who was the first originator of the guillotine? Does this machine produce instantaneous death? Does it create suffering? Does life and sensation exist in the head when once the latter is severed from the body? We quote from the report of the discussion: "It is generally believed that the guillotine was invented by a French surgeon whose name was Guillotin. This, however, appears to be an error, inasmuch as the first originator of the idea seems to have been a surgeon by the name of Louis. It would, in fact, appear, according to the revelations which have been made by this learned body, that in 1792, Dr. Louis, Secretary to the Faculty of Surgery, directed a German mechanic of the name of Smith to construct a machine, with which he made experiments on the dead bodies issuing from the hospital at Bicetre. But by giving the knife an oblique direction, he accomplished the decapitation of heads with wonderful rapidity. The first time the sentence of death was carried out by means of the guillotine was on the 25th of April, 1792. The criminal was a highwayman. The first execution of a political prisoner by this means took place on the 21st of August of the same year. From that memorable night the guillotine was kept so constantly at work that in July, 1794, the difficulty was to find a means of disposing of the corpses of its victims. It only took thirty-one minutes to decapitate the twenty-one Girondins whom it was the good pleasure of the Revolution to doom to death. The question M. Dubois treated is one of extreme interest. He inquires: Can life exist for any length of time in the head after it has been severed from the body? When this subject was first investigated, a belief prevailed that decapitation caused atrocious suffering. Sammeranz asserted that as the soul existed in the head, the agonies endured must be frightful; he maintained that the sensations were not only physical, but moral, and in proof of this theory quoted the story of Charlotte Corday having blushed when the executioner struck her cheek. Professor Sue went still further, and asserted that pain was felt, not in the head alone, but in the trunk and limbs. M. Dubois does not admit the possibility of suffering after decapitation. He writes thus: "Every circumstance tends to the conviction that the victim neither experiences pain during nor after the decapitation by the guillotine. I say everything conduces to this belief, as necessarily we can have no proof on the subject." Several physiologists however differ from this opinion. Putting aside all theoretical considerations, we may say that very exact experiments tend to demonstrate that decapitated animals experience sensation and suffer during

several minutes after their heads have fallen beneath the butcher's axe. Experiments were made about thirty years ago in the shambles of Paris, under the superintendence of the *conservateur*. He gave it as his opinion that death by means of the blow of an iron club produced intense pain, and he wished to ascertain whether decapitation would cause a less degree of suffering. Experiments were made on a hundred cows, and on an equal number of calves and sheep, and proved that the suffering after decapitation was great. During the first minute after execution the facial muscles were agitated by frightful convulsions, the mouth alternately opened and closed, the respiratory organs of the face worked, and the animal appeared to experience intense agony, and an imperative desire to breathe. On placing a finger within an inch and a half of the eye, it suddenly closed and opened again. Therefore, the animal distinctly perceived the approach of a hand to its eye. At the end of a few seconds these phenomena ceased altogether. Professor Bouchut likewise made experiments on the animals in the Paris shambles, and also recognized that the death of the brain did not occur for three or four minutes. Doctors who have had the opportunity of examining the heads of decapitated animals assert the same phenomena.

WHY ARE PARTINGS HARD?

WHAT need on earth of saying farewell? All goes, after all, to a good place. Behold, Where the young fink flies lightly from his nest And comes not home again; as there it hangs, In the dry leaves of autumn, a dry thing, He scarce can see it without bodeful thoughts: Flies the gold chaffer from the chaffer's feast On quick, light wing, glad as a youthful god! The winged maple-seed, and thistle-bread, Float on the breeze light-hearted, caring not For so much earth as might a rain-drop drown, To serve them for a cradle, for a grave! The dying flowers part calmly from the flowers, The blossoms spout down calmly on the earth, The leaves drop calmly from the leaves, no sigh, Breathed upward to the tree where once they played! The birds quit calmly autumn's leafless realm, Nor look back to the wood that harbored them! Man only follows restlessly his fate, And sorely pants, because he has not faith, And has not, as a pure child, tasted bliss.

The Layman's Brerary.

THE JUDGE AND THE QUAKER.—A Judge on a journey fell in company with a Quaker. "Sir," said the Judge, "how is it that you Quakers always have fat horses and money in your pockets?"

Quaker—"By-and-by I will tell thee." Shortly after they arrived at a tavern. The Judge called for a glass of bitters, and urged the Quaker to drink, but he refused, saying I have no need. He then called for four quarts of oats for his horse, and the Quaker for six for his.

Quaker—"Now I will tell thee; we drink no spirits at the tavern. How much didst thou pay for the bitters?"

Judge—"Sixpence."

Q—"How much for the oats?"

J—"Sixpence."

Q—"My oats cost ninepence; and what good did the bitters do thee?"

J—"They procured me an appetite."

Q—"Abstinence gives me an appetite. Thus thou seest we spend no more than thou, and our horses are fat. But I have not done with thee yet. I see silver buckles on thy shoes. How much did they cost?"

J—"Nine dollars."

Q—"How long hast thou had them?"

J—"Eight years."

Q—"Do they answer any better than my strings?"

J—"No."

Q—"With nine dollars we should have bought live stock, and at the expiration of five years we should have had fifteen head of cattle. Here, then, seest we, we can have money in our pocket. Instead of having silver on our shoes, we wear leather strings."

How TO ENTERTAIN GUESTS.—Emerson says: "I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great cost. These things, if they are curious in them, they can get for a dollar in any village. But let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, in your accents and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, what he cannot buy at any price, at any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparingly, and sleep hard in order to behold. Certainly, let the board and the bed be dressed for the traveller; but let not the emphasis of hospitality be, in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardships, so that the intellect is awake and sees the laws of the universe, the soul works truth and love, and honor and courtesy flow into all deeds."

TO A GRANDMOTHER.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

"Old age is dark and unlovely,"—Oursion.
O, say not so! A bright old age is thine,
Calm as the gentle light of summer even,
Ere twilight dim her dusky mantle weaves;
Because to thee is given, in thy decline,
A heart that does not thanklessly repine
At sight of which the hand of God bequeaths,
Yet all he sends with gratitude receives;
May such a quiet, thankful close be mine!
And hence thy froward cheer appears me
A peaceful throne, which thou wert fumed to fill;
Thy children ministers who do thy will;
And those grand grand-children, sporting round thy knee,
Thy little subjects, looking up to thee
As one who claims their fond allegiance still.

Book of Sonnets.

TALL CHIMNEY.—The tallest chimney in the world is said to be that at the Port Dundas works, Glasgow, Scotland. Its height from the foundation is 465 feet; above the ground 454 feet; the foundation being 14 feet deep; the outside diameter, on a level with the ground, is 34 feet, at the top, 12 feet 4 inches. The most wonderful part of the story of this lofty chimney is that, having been twisted out of the vertical line to the extent of 7 feet 9 inches, by a violent wind, before the mortar was hardened, human skill has reduced it to perfect perpendicularity again. The mortar was sawed out on the windward side, so as to allow the chimney to settle sufficiently to restore the perpendicular.

AUNT JUDY.—"Taint de real grace honey, 'Taint de sure glory—you hollers too loud. When you gets de Dove in your heart, and de Lamb on your bosom, you'll feel as ef you was in dat stable at Bethlehem, and de blessed Virgin had lent you de sleepin baby to hold."

Atlantic Monthly.

AN Irishman illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, stated that out of the hundred persons sentenced to endure this punishment for life, only fifteen survived it!

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